WOODWIND

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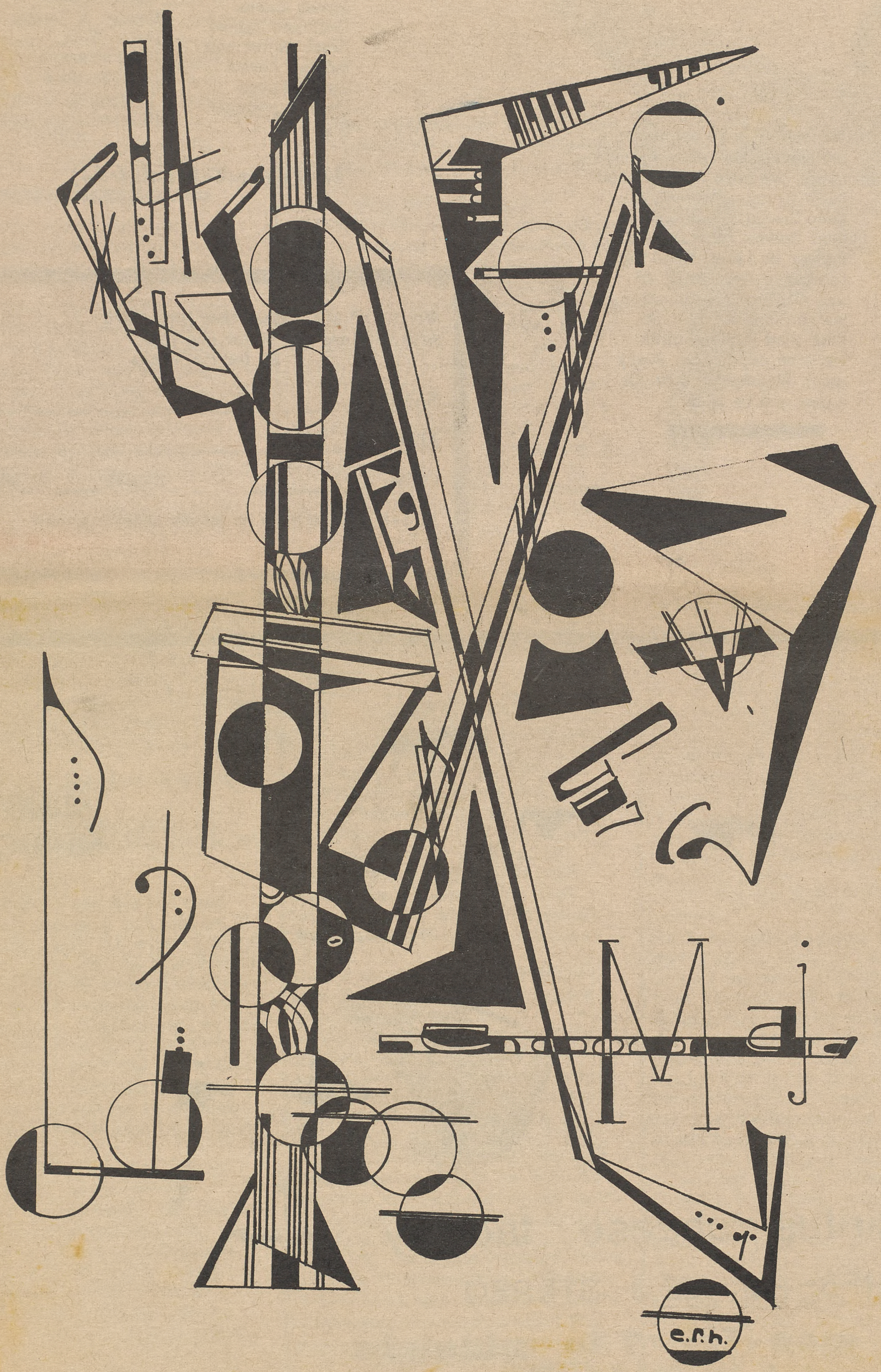

woodwind

volume 1
number 4

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These are the people of Volume 4

Ernie Hawkins
Ruth Stenstrom
Lanny Tupper
Debbie Janney
Jody Guralnick
James Baeur
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Peter Noterman
Morton Leeds
Ingrid Leeds
Mark Loewinger
Big Jim
Stephen Allen Wheatton
Mark Ardagna
Sally Nash
Kevan Osgood
Cris Ghillani
Connie & Claire
David Watt
Pat Patterson
Gunther Hoos
George de Vincent
Richard Harrington (editor)

JUAN BERMOTTI (CENTERFOLD)

We will soon be moving to a permanent address--by next issue, we hope. Still in need but still going strong, so keep the faith and send us your poems, photos, etc.---sooner or later, we'll get to everybody. Taking all and all into consideration, we're doing allright. So until next issue (I think we'll be coming out every other Wednesday now), be happy and be open.

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"aimed at the soul"

The Church Street Dance Company, formerly the Georgetown Dance Workshop, has just begun a new life in Washington, with the opening of its new home-studio-workshop-theater at the Church Street Theater. For three years now, this group has explored the possible dimentions of movement and media, and the interaction between the two. This mini-rap took place between John Gamble, director of the Company, and Sally Nash, who is co-ordinating experimental programs on Wednesdays. For more information concerning the Company, call 387-4000.

SALLY: Hear you weren't positive until the last minute that the theater would open last Friday. What was the problem?

JOHN:Bureaucracy makes it impossible to do anything on your own, especially if its social---involving other people. There are all these miniscule laws regulating everything you do. We're working on no salaries and trying to save money on everything we build. It's just a hassle to have to meet all of their meaningless but expensive rquirements.

SALLY:Do you feel that the requirements are reasonable in any way?

JOHN:No! We're responsible and experienced builders, just not professional ones. It should be everyone's own responsibility to build safe structures and each audience member can decide about coming or not. The audience is more truly regulatory than all of those inspection officers are. The hours everyone spends playing hide-and-go-seek with them are incredible.

SALLY:Exactly what have they been getting you on?

JOHN:To do any construction, anywhere, you need a building permit. We didn't have one.

SALLY:Why not?

JOHN:In order to get one you need drawings approved by an architect. If your building costs fall under a certain amount of money you don't need the drawings to be done by a certified architect, but we are over that limit and can't afford one. Fortunately, we have now been bailed out by an architect who donated his services. To understand all of the codes and possible alternatives and how not to get busted you would have to hire a full-time lawyer.

SALLY:Sounds awful. Who's done the actual work on the place?

JOHN:Four of us, really. Me, David Usitalo, Jack Halstead and Alex Yarow. We've all had a good deal of experience in the technical end of theater. David has done a lot of lighting and scenery design, as has Jack, who is also into directing. It's been a groove to work with them--twenty-four hours a day for the last couple of months--and to see the building be transformed from a big gym-like room to a beautiful theater. It's a lot bigger and fancier than what we've been used to in our Georgetown place and we want to use it in a different way.

SALLY:What are your plans?

JOHN:We'd like to have a place where there is time and people available to directors, choreographers, and composers who want to experiment in any of the forms of the performing arts or combinations thereof. For the last two years we have had a resident dance company and they have always done the works of many choreographers. This spring we are beginning the expansion into other performing arts with a production of Waiting for Godot, which Jack is directing. Erika Thimey is presenting her children's theater here and you are running the experimental Wednesday series for undeveloped pieces which need a trial audience before they are ready to be finished. Eventually, we'd like to have the most cross-fertilization possible, but we believe that this will happen as people get more and more involved in spending time here together. It seems artificial to me to start out in order to be an artistic community---it should be the result of contact, not the reason for it. We will always have workshops in music, dance, acting as seperate disciplines, but if they are taught by people who are working with each other, an exchange is inevitable. I am interested in a total kind of theater, which includes all of our arts and much of our lives as well.

SALLY:Do you think that this concept of total theater has any more general social value?

JOHN: Yes---I'm not into politics. Politics uses old methods in the alleged interest of achieving ends that are so abstract I can't envision them. The ends will probably be the same as they always have been because the means haven't changed. People need to change the way they live; now is what matters, not where you are going. Each person needs to see himself responsibly as a member of society---a living organism which includes the environment. We have to stop using aggression as a means of defending ourselves against this organism of which we are inevitably a part. The problems of insecurity that make us want to defend ourselves lie in each individual's inability to cope with change or to live in the now. The problems of population and pollution will never be solved unless each person's individual head gets turned around and each person begins to feel responsible to life.

SALLY:In what way does theater contribute to this awareness?

JOHN: Theater is aimed at the soul. It emphasizes man's relation to his environment by its immediacy. On the stage, you are aware of an environment and people in relation to it more fully than in the movies or on TV. It is people to people.

SALLY:Why did Jack pick Godot to do this spring?

JOHN: It capsulizes what we have been talking about. Godot is the Irish familiar(and therefore slightly derogatory) term for God---like Molly-O would be for Molly. And the people in the play are waiting for something to happen instead of living now.

SALLY:Why do you charge for classes and performances?I know that you think that this essential kind of waking up should be available to everyone.

JOHN:The building is awfully expensive to rent and to me the central space it provides is the most necessary item to make any kind of community theater really take place and not just be talked about. People are paying for their classes either in work or cash and although I don't dig its always being in terms of cash, I do want to promote the exchange of something in the community we are forming. We are all teaching and building and rehearsing for free---we still need the income to maintain our overhead.

beginnings

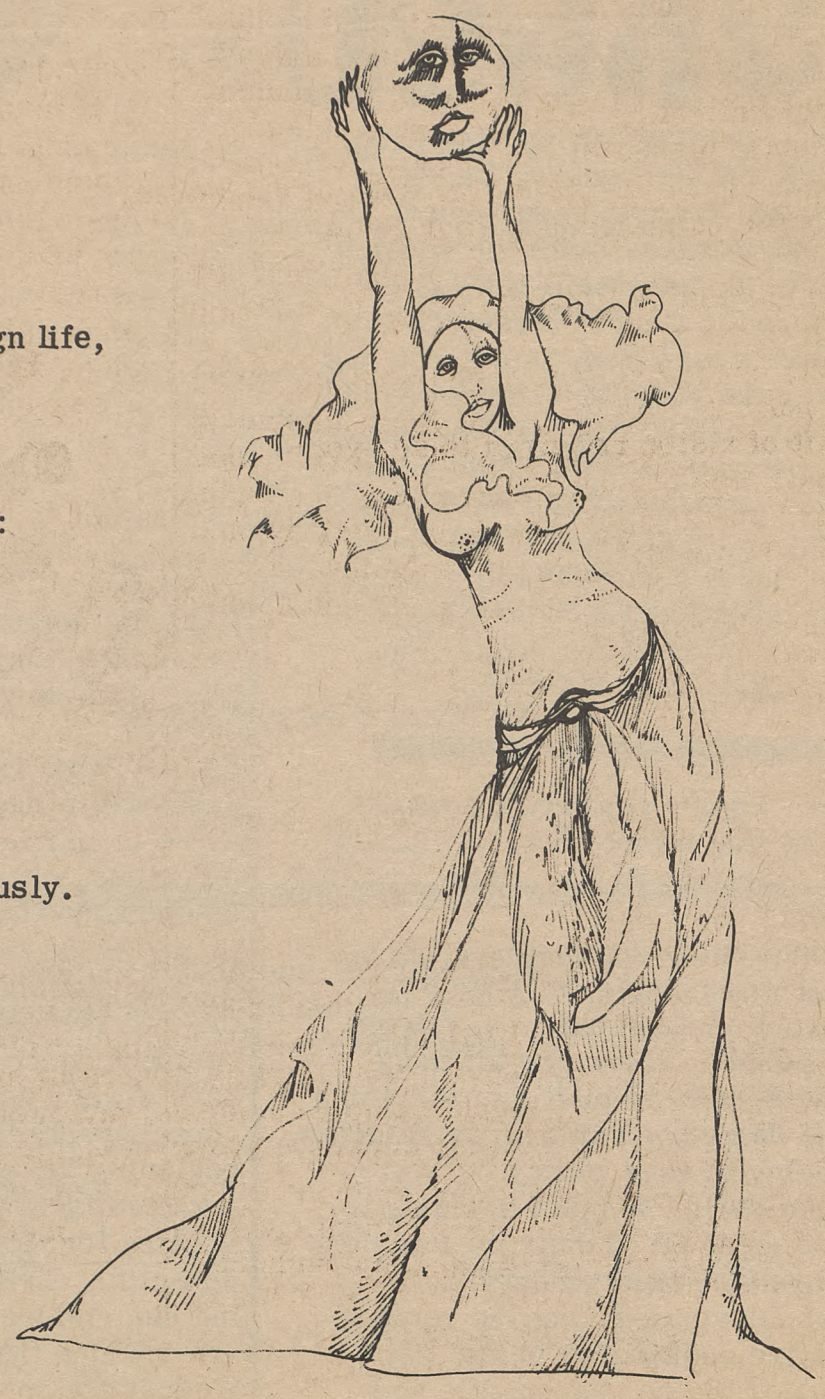
Artifice

The place in my mind
Where I kept you
Was like a clearing in a deep wood,
A pure and tender place
With thoughts green with spring rains,
Carefully made free of weeds and foreign life,
Secret, guarded by thick oaks,
And without time---
A Place of innocence.

But now it recedes, or I recede from it:
Its definitions fade.
I do not know whether it was ever real,
Or only an artifice spun by my mind,
Both haven and prison,
But not of earth.

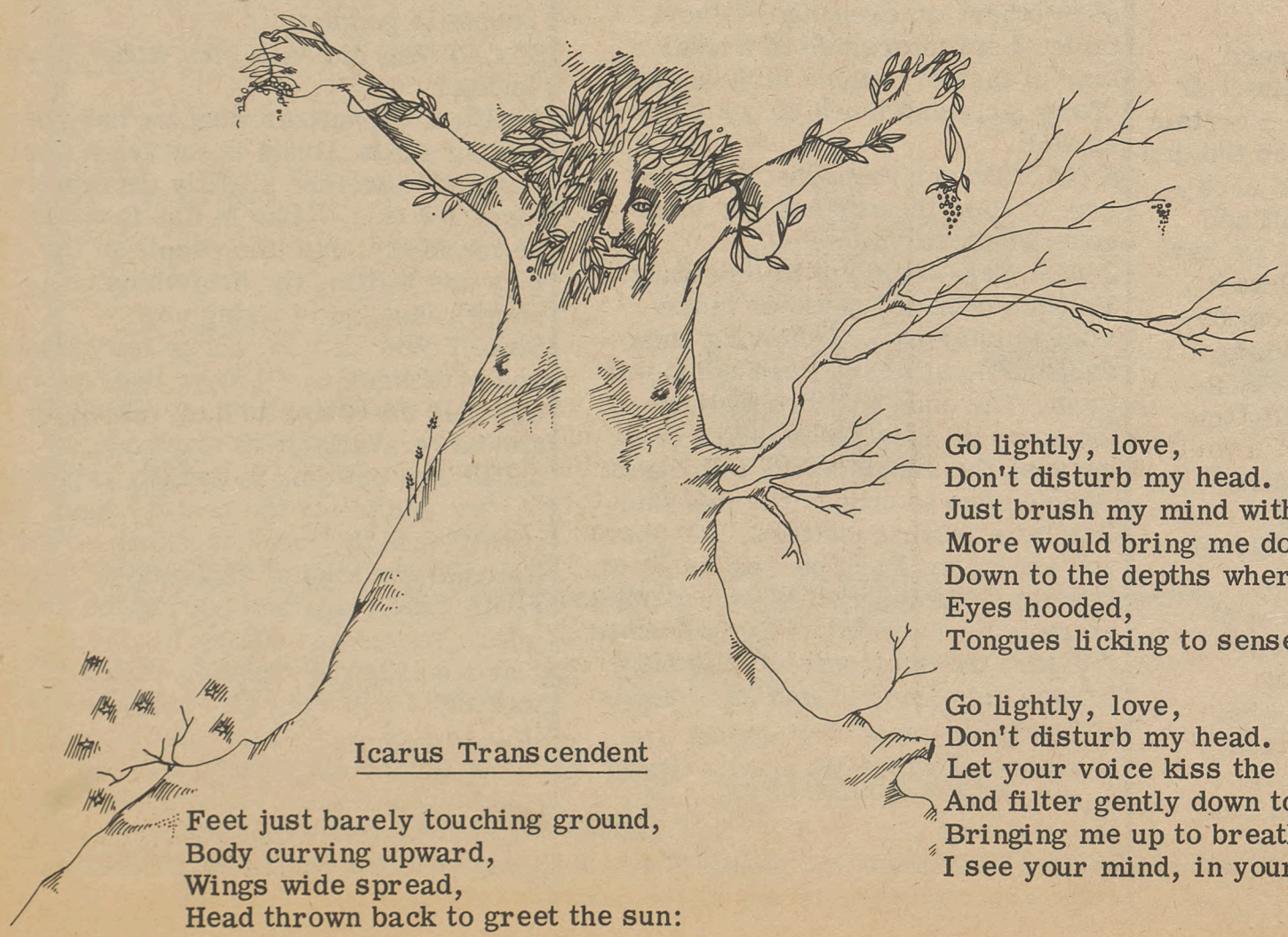
You are no longer there,
A creature to be guarded from myself.
Reality is painfully acquired,
But once percieved is held onto tenaciously.
I think I see you now,
And seeing know my sin against you,

Against myself, against life itself.
That sin was ultimate---
I never looked at you.



How softly and carefully
I'm growing to love you---
Each time I see a little deeper
Into your eyes---
So far there is nothing to fear
Except that my own wounds have healed
With scars too thick for you to penetrate:
But I think not.
Your eyes belie my fear,
And I go on as through a forest
Ancient with understanding
Yet green as summer's first day,
Containing secrets rich with laughter laughed at death:
I give me all the time I need
To know you.

POEMS BY DEBBIE JANNEY



Icarus Transcendent

Feet just barely touching ground,
Body curving upward,
Wings wide spread,
Head thrown back to greet the sun:
You insist on being.

Go lightly, love,
Don't disturb my head.
Just brush my mind with the tips of your fingers---
More would bring me down
Down to the depths where my snakes live,
Eyes hooded,
Tongues licking to sense my weaknesses.

Go lightly, love,
Don't disturb my head.
Let your voice kiss the edge of my eyes
And filter gently down to the beginnings of my being,
Bringing me up to breathe magic and green fire:
I see your mind, in your eyes in mine.

Encounter I

You stand before me
A mirror reflecting myself
And a subtle madness.
No breath I breathe mists the silver of your eyes,
Or stirs the calm curve of your mind.

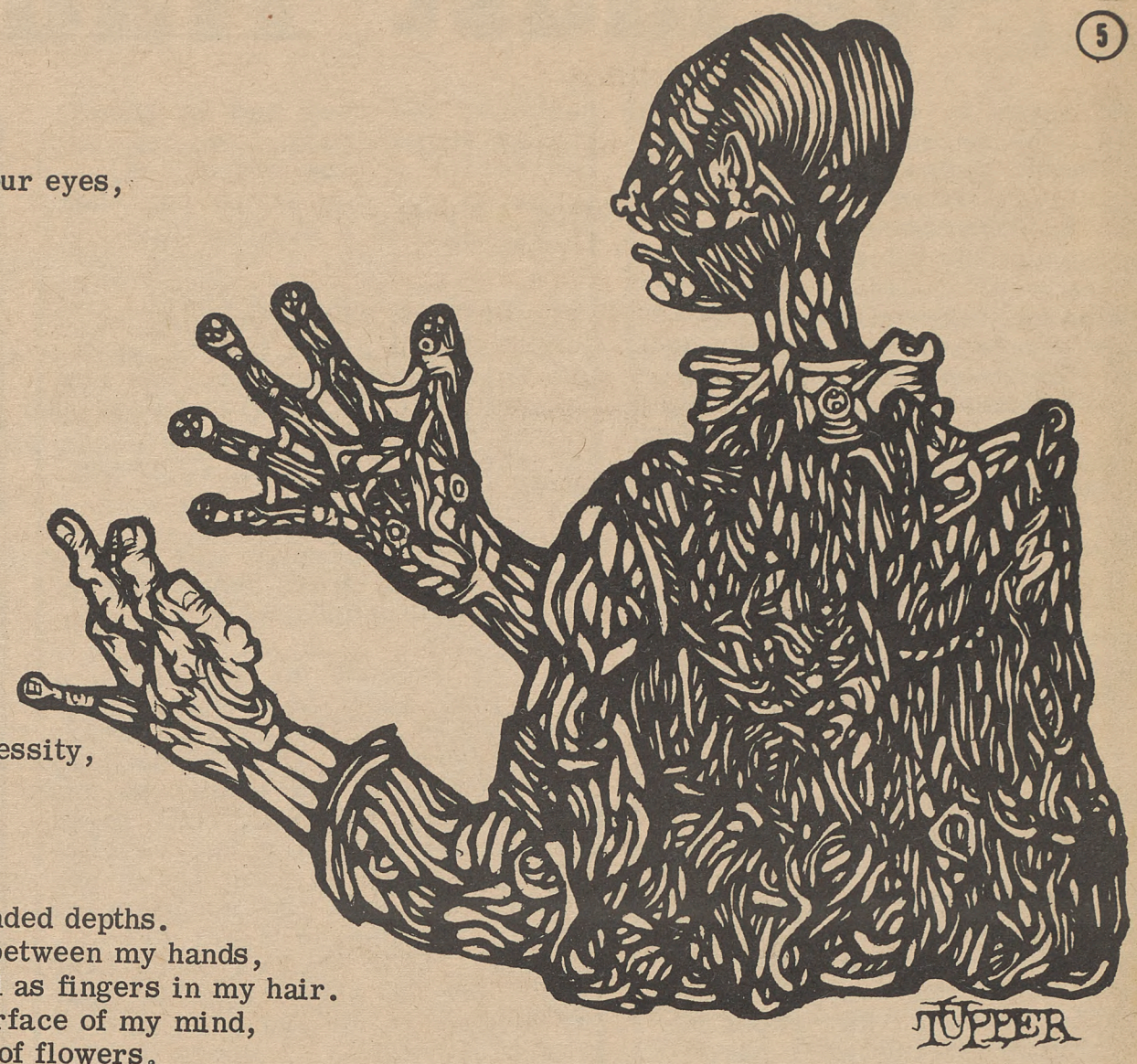
Yet this surface is illusory.
My reflections rise
From the configurations of my being
At this point in time.
The shift of vision required to see you
Is a small step beyond
That hard and angular seeing
Of the'real' world,

Where light's cut off:
Things acquire edges, solidity,
And men are closed in solitude.

But once let light in---
Loose the mind's tight delineations of necessity,
And stand free.

So I turn to you again,
The painful colors of your eyes
Draw burning laughter slowly from unsounded depths.
Each texture of your face I put with care between my hands,
Allowing your essential tenderness to curl as fingers in my hair.
You bring such intricate touches to the surface of my mind,
Each one opening itself with the sureness of flowers.

It wouldn't matter if you left tomorrow
Because you have opened me,
Your vibrance deftly shifting my mind just so,
Showing me rythms of being,
Astonishing complexities of living things,
And how to smile.



SUMMER POEMS

Encounter II

Either grass being good for you
I tried both at once today
Shifting my mind into a high and tender awareness.

I am an eye to see all that is now---
Buttercups as yellow fantasies,
The purest red of mating tanagers,
A tenacity of trees gripping the earth,
The minute silence of growing things,
And idylls of sudden meadows vanishing behind me.
Changing shapes of sunlight on the leaves
Create rich laughter,
And open me to every nuance of myself.

I am a cat in the sun.
I am a salmon on the falls.
I am a she-goat on the rocks.
I am a mare on the path.
Who can say what I have been?
At length I will come to the earth
An integral creature of day.

The edges of things begin to blur.
All is ceaseless---
There is nothing now to label with my names,
And everything to see.

Encounter IV

Sitting on the Circle today
Enjoying the sun on the air
A young old man meanders over
Black dressed in black
Eating a sandwich
An open carton of milk under one arm
Bag and waxed paper clutched maybe in the other
And sinks down beside me
A mischevous soft hope in his eyes.
Says he,'It's nice to get a little bit when you can
Don't you think?'
Says I, wondering if I heard him right,'Yes."
Says he,"Sometimes I get so hard
And I can't get it into a woman
And its real bad.'
Still chewing on that sandwich.
I look into his eyes
So gentle like a child's:
Hw wishes me to understand how it is with him,
It's there in the eyes.
And then he wants to know who gets it best
Man or Woman.
'I think the woman gets more from it
Cause she wants it all the time
But a man's got to get a hard first.'
I state my inanity: each enjoys it in his own way.
Naturally he disagrees with me,
Still chewing on his sandwich.
'Do you want some milk?'
' No thanks, I just had breakfast.'
'Well, what do you want---are you going to have a baby?'
Funny thing about that,
I am on my way to the doctor's for more B.C. pills.
So I had to leave him there,
Chewing on that sandwich,
The image of those eyes
Innocent and slyly laughing
Making me laugh too,
Delighting in his eyes.

"We must find the

We asked E. R. Hawkins of our staff, who is currently appearing in the Theatre Lobby production of COWBOYS #2, to interveiw his director Frank Johns. Mr. Johns, 26, is a well-known professional director in the Washington community and has won several awards for his excellent direction, including the Pauline Eaton Oak Award of the D. C. One-Act Play Tournament in 1966, 1967 and 1968. He has directed plays at the Washington Theatre Club, Theatre Lobby, Southwest Community Theatre, the Little Theatre of Alexandria, and Reston Players. Also, he is currently instructing the Children's Theatre and Junior Stage at the Washington Theatre Club.
Ed.

WOODWIND (WW): Why have you chosen the medium of directing as a career?
FRANK JOHNS (FJ): I chose directing because I feel that as an artist I can express myself completely--a personal decision, rather than choosing painting or acting as I have done both. I felt that I could put all of my background into a total expression.
WW: Where did you get your first opportunity to direct?
FJ: I directed a college production, I directed Edward Albee's THE SANDBOX against the wishes of the head of the department who told me when I selected the play that he absolutely hated Albee. I decided that I liked Albee and I liked THE SANDBOX, and so I did it in a surrealistic style, and he went absolutely wild over it. He loved it.
WW: Then do you consider yourself as being revolutionary?
FJ: No, because Edward Albee was firmly established when I directed him (Laughter).
WW: Which play do you consider was the most challenging? And why?
FJ: Of the sixty plays I've done, I think everyone of them has been challenging for different reasons.

I think that three of them stand out in my own mind that I found a personal satisfaction with and challenge, and that was Ionesco's AMIDEE--mainly because that called for a body that grew in the progression of the play--in growing mushrooms on stage, and it worked on exceedingly limitless emotional values for the actors. We did it in very small quarters.

The second one was WAITING FOR GODOT by Samuel Beckett, which I did in a vaudeville style, and that was very exciting to work with and also was a very fine play.

The third one, of course, I guess would be BRECHT ON BRECHT which is a compilation of Bertohlt Brecht's works. I found this exciting because it opened up many avenues for the actors--the versatility of the actors was involved with that. There were 79 selections and six actors, and they had to show their versatility from one selection to the other. We created our own style for that, since it was a compilation. If you've noticed, I've been dealing with three plays in which the playwrights are very much established and great playwrights. If the modern theatre, the new playwrights, could write with the power and force of these playwrights, I'd love to do their work too.

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WW: Do you approach the interpretation of plays psychologically, philosophically or socially?
FJ: It depends on the play. Each play must be handled as a separate entity, unto itself. The playwright, if he's dealing with politics, obviously we have to approach the political level. We can never negate the psychological level; I also think we should approach the sociological level, because he's not unto himself, he's dealing with other men. One of the things we must be honest to is the play and the playwright. I don't feel that any one area should be pushed or set aside for another area, if the playwright has included them. At the spiritual level, thematic values must be developed.
WW: Now that theatre has come to include nudity, obscenity and political overtones, do you think that this trend will reach a plateau and that audiences will demand a return to traditional theatre?
FJ: I think that there is a pitfall, that this is what we might term sensational theatre where nudity is only used for sensation. I don't object to nudity on the stage. I think it has its place, a proper place, in the production of HAIR. I felt that it was out of place in OH!CALCUTTA. There it was used for sensational value. I hope that we don't have an extreme, puritannical reaction to nudity; I think that there's nothing more beautiful than the body. But I just believe that we should cover it to a certain extent and let the audience strip it, and use their imagination, if that's what they so desire. When nudity and sensationalism couple together, you're dealing with a minority in the audience, and hopefully we're trying to reach a majority rather than a minority.
WW: Do you get more satisfaction as a director than as an actor?
FJ: I think satisfaction...comes from a total involvement in your work. When I'm acting, it's a total involvement; when I'm directing, it's a total involvement. They're different types, different forms of satisfaction. I think that I'm more intellectually satisfied as a director than as an actor, it's another level....I don't think the physical satisfaction is a consideration for the director, I do think it's an absolute consideration for the actor....I gave up acting because I found that directing stimulated me more as an individual...I do, every now and then, go back into acting only to keep in touch with the problems of the actors, that I'm dealing with, have to face. I try not to have an actor do something that I cannot do personally myself.

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WW: Then you advise beginning directors to go through a period of acting before they become directors?
FJ: Definitely. I don't even care how good or how bad they are, as actors they should get up there and find out what it's all about....you must know what the material is capable of doing, the people are capable of doing, what you can do personally, and to put it all together. Actors are not puppets though.
WW: Well, then, as a director, when you run into problems with an actor on the characterization where the actor wants the character a certain way and you think it should be a different interpretation, where do you draw the line?
FJ: Well, as I said earlier, I think that we have to have a basic honesty in our approach to the playwright. Now, the actor must justify everything he is doing on the stage. If he can't justify it, it's going to be stilted and unbelievable. This is where compromises come in, if I see the character one way and the actor cannot play it that way, I would never force him to play it the way I see it. But we must find the way in which it reinforces the total play and at the same time brings the character alive. If it works, it should be used. It must work for the actor, the author and the audience....I don't feel that the actor should get up on the stage and do his own thing. The actor is doing a playwright's material, and it's the director's job to guide him and to help him to bring that material alive.
WW: How do you feel about experimental theatre then?
FJ: I believe if that's the way it's set up--fine. I've had an idea about operas, where I think the opera movement should run into what I call improvisational opera--where musicians can take over, singers can just imporvise and you still work in the story line. I don't think that that has ever happened, but I think it would be very exciting.
WW: Who do you think are the moving playwrights behind the theatre scene.
FJ: Today's theatre scene? Well, of course, you have the three fathers of the avant-garde movement--Genet, Beckett and Ionesco. These men are well up in the years. They've had phenomenal influence on the modern day playwrights. They are what I'd call the forefathers...

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VIEW

you've got leading young playwrights coming up Van Italie, Shephard...
WW: Megan Terry?
FJ: Megan Terry, I haven't read. Terrence McNally, though, another fine playwright today...
WW: Leonard Melfie?
FJ: Leonard Melfie, yes, I think is interesting. They're's a whole change in the writing of plays, you know. Taking COWBOYS#2 here at Theatre Lobby, it deals with the senses much more. It's almost one-dimensional when you consider it, it's not an emotional play. It's not dealing with the psychological in the sense that we have with Sartre....they're dealing with the senses and the discovery of the senses. It's almost an exercise; I think it's the beginning of a whole new form of theatre. I think this is why the new playwrights must be done, because it's the first steps in what might be considered a revolution. We're returning to the use of the senses more, discovering through the eyes, throught the smell, through taste, through touch. These are inherent, we do these normally in life. What they're negating more is the emotional levels, I think, that we've had in theatre.
WW: Do you have any predictions then about theatre?
FJ: No, I don't. I wouldn't want to make any. Just let it happen and cope with it then (laughter). I'd like to see it take a mœ positive turn.... I think that I'd like to see the return of the heroic character. I'd like to see virtue win every now and then. We've gotten to the point when our society looks at things so coldly and so realistically, that man is downtrodden and I think that man is very capable of surging and controlling his environment and the world around him. The playwrights are writing about men that are not. I think that I kind of take a more radical viewpoint. I think that Ayn Rand's got some nice things to say with her FOUNTAINHEAD and such strong magnificent characters surging forth. I'd like to see more of this quality come into the American Theatre.
WW: Why did you choose COWBOYS#2 and NO EXIT for production together? Did you have some philosophical purpose?
FJ: I think structurally NO EXIT is probably , is a fine play, and is still of interest today. You know, existentialism, they say is outdated--I tend to question this. I think it's very much a part of the society in which we're living in, maybe on a superficial. But I'm not a philosopher, I'm a director. The kids today, do they really control their actions?...I'm not sure, how about the adults ? Are they letting the system control them and they're just working out the pattern. It's interesting to think about, isn't it? How many people do you know who control the system?.... Existentialism says that there is a force in everything we do that controls our actions, and I think our actions are very much controlled in our society today in its structure. I think the younger generation is trying to break out of it, with what I call passive resistance--or people resistance.
WW: Why did you choose LA RONDE and THE BALCONY for your next production?
FJ: Talking about bringing back the heroic character and I've selected three shows that don't have any of them (Laughter). LA RONDE I picked for very practical reasons. Between two very serious plays, I had to have a comedy. I also felt that it is a very fine comment on morality in the 1800's. Now we're in the 1970's and it hasn't changed that much. THE BALCONY, I selected because I think it's a very exciting play...it's theatrical, its exciting, it deals with the times and the revolt and the whole idea of a revolution happening. We're going through this today. I think that possibly THE BALCONY was a forerunner of its time... it's now rather than 15 years ago. The revolutionary forces in the play lose, but in the process they change the system.
WW: Do you think the system should be changed through theatre?
FJ: Well, we're pre-supposing that there's something wrong with the system. (laughter). I think that in our technological society, that change is inevitable....but the technological advancement is so rapid and the bureaucratic is so slow in developing, that we're getting a conflict here....I think the theatre is 20 years behind. Well, look what's happening in music. To me this is the means of communication today,that the theatre is going to have to incorporate the mass media into it. Music, art, all of this must be brought into the theatre. Theatre is dying.

.....

What we're talking about is probably the evolution of a new kind of theatre, where the actor and the director and the mass media are united. ...I think it could constructively become very exciting. I think that if it can work and can excite an audience and can communicate to them, then it should be there.
WW: After you've finished at the Theatre Lobby, what do you have planned next?
FJ: I'm doing a revival of a children's show I directed this year, J. R. Tolkien's THE HOBBIT. That will go to the American Educational Theatre Association convention in August. And then I'm doing the musical production of CABARET, and then I'll think I'll retire (laughter.) I'm also chairman of the American Educational Theatre Association Actors Workshop, bringing in guest artists on a four week seminar in acting. Some of the local people I will be using are Louise Brandwen, Vera Katz, and others still being firmed up--I can't give the names of the national people yet.
WW: Why are you here in Washington, D.C.?
FJ: I was born and reared in Washington. I probably won't be here that much longer, I have to branch out too.
WW: What do you think of the quality of theatre here in Washington?
FJ: That's a comparative value. The last five years, I would say that the quality of production has improved considerably. We have much more theatre now than we've ever had....There are over 200 organizational and community theatre groups in the metropolitan area. It's phenomenal for a city with a population of 3 million people.
WW: Could you clarify the role of the director in working with a production?
FJ:...I think I said earlier that a director's primary concern is an honesty to the playwright and to himself as an artist. I don't think any director should select a play that he doesn't believe in himself, which is first and foremost. One of the most appalling things the director can do once he's selected the cast and the script is to play the role of God. That is not his job. His job is to take that talents he has selected and the given material and to help these people to evolve and unify toward the one goal of making the printed page come alive. I sat through a rehearsal in a community theatre about six months ago and after the rehearsal, I was appalled because the director who was sitting about eight rows in front of me, stood up and turned around and on his head was a little cap that said "God." And he played that role. It is not a director's job to play a role....It's the director's job to bring the script alive and not to play little games with people he is working with....You know, one of the things that I think a director must watch is that he is working with a tool that can be very destructive. It can be a weapon. He can destroy the actors, he can destroy the material he is working with. The sensitivity is very important. He must be aware at all times of the people he is working with, the talents that they bring with them, and how to bring out the best within them. You know, he has to forget himself and his own personality and subjugate his needs to the material he is working with. He should not juxtapose his desires on the actors and on the material, unless those desires are in conjunction with the total. I've seen directors destroy actors because they take their talent and they wield it like weapons, and they force the actor to do things, to emote, to satisfy the director and not the material. This is not acting, this is therapy....it only takes one director like that who can ruin the potential of a fine actor....I think the actor has to be aware of it.. ..There is bad theatre. There's nothing we can do about it, we can't stop it. We can only strive for the highest goals for the actor, the director, and the playwright. We can only strive to do our best for the public. That's my romantic note for the evening.

PHOTOGRAPHS

The Museum of History and Technology currently has three sets of photographs that are definitely worth seeing.

The first set consists of two photographs taken by Edward Weston and printed from the original negatives by his son, Cole Weston. "Shell, 1927" and "Pepper, 1930" are considered to be classics of photography and should be seen by everyone who is interested in photography. Both prints show the textures so vividly that these two commonplace subjects take on an aura of dignity and stature.

Weston was a very tactile person; in his Daybooks he repeatedly writes about the "feel" of an object and how his mind reacted to his sense of touch. Through his photography Weston tried to convey his feelings to other people, and "Shell, 1927" and "Pepper, 1930" are two examples of his success.

The second set consists of 32 high-contrast photographs by Eikoh Hosoe. Born in Tokyo in 1933, Hosoe graduated from the Tokyo Photographic University in 1954. He has since won several awards, among them the Professional's Award for "Man and Woman", a collection first shown in 1960.

In this display, Hosoe has chosen to show a white female model in black leotards against a black background. The model holds a daisy in several photographs, and a second female model is used in several other prints. Their posture is contorted, but not in a way that adds to line or form. A dozen more photographs show tightly cropped views of the male and female anatomy, but one wonders at the arrangement of limbs and torsos. The strange composition and high contrast evoke a feeling of harshness for subjects that are usually treated with warmth and softness.

Two of Hosoe's photographs transcend this style. One shows a dark-skinned face at the left and a light-skinned face at the right, their lips and noses barely touch at the center of the frame. The second photograph, tightly cropped, shows a dark-skinned male on the right and a light-skinned female on the left touching breast-to-breast. Both of these photographs are well-composed and have excellent tonal values. A feeling of warmth between photographer and subject is there and perhaps even a trace of humor. Except for these two photographs, there seems to be little association between the photographer/model and viewer. The collection appears to be an exercise in pointless photography. No statement has been made and there is no graphic impact to hold the viewers' attention.

The final set of prints is a dynamic display. Every once in a while, photographers feel both blind and lazy.

James B. Johnson's collection of 25 prints quickly instills this feeling. His imagination and photographic technique are brilliantly combined in this presentation of Victorian architecture and familiar Washington landmarks.

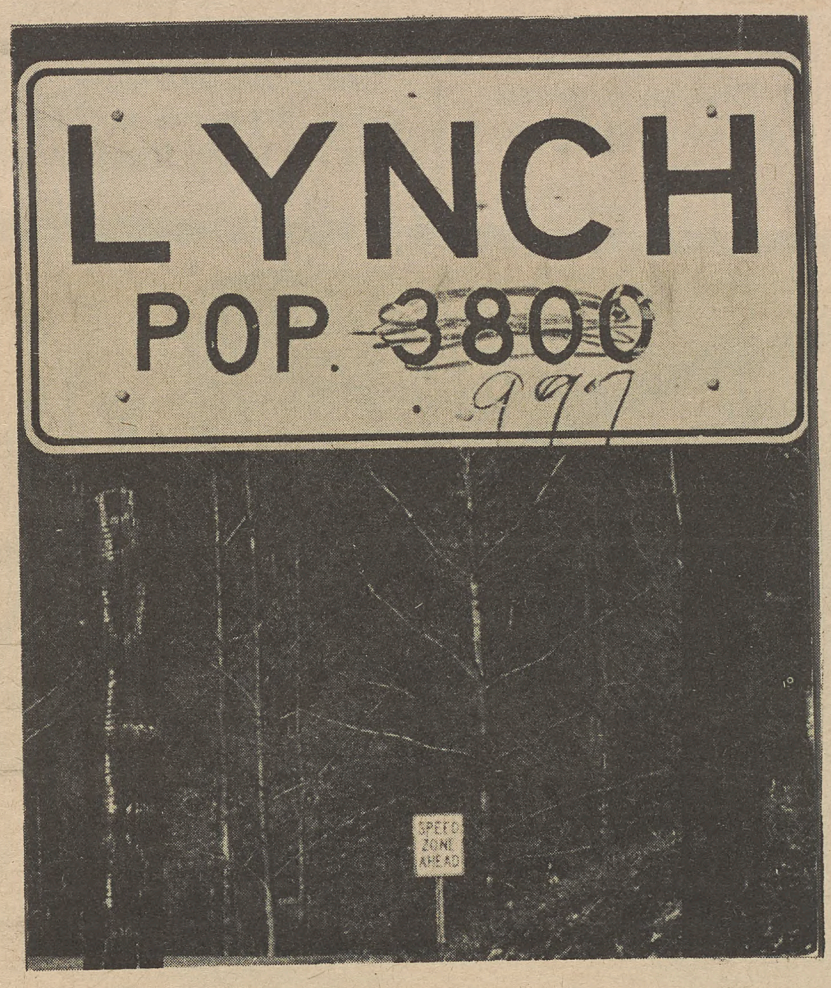
Approximately half of the photographs show isolated details of the great Victorian architecture that is rapidly vanishing from the Washington skyline. Johnson, who is recognized as an excellent craftsman, shows his appreciation for the workmanship that went into the brickwork, rooftops and ornamentation of these buildings through his superbly executed prints.

Johnson's treatment of Washington landmarks is downright tremendous. He uses the wide angle lens. He uses grain. He uses high contrast. Most important, he uses his imagination to give visual excitement to the Capitol, the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial.

These buildings have been pictured so often that they are considered trite subjects by most photographers. Johnson shows us a new perspective. Thru his use of the wide angle lens, exaggerated grain, and high contrast, he gives these hackneyed subjects a fresh graphic impact. However, the chief value of his collection is to give new inspiration to area photographers. James B. Johnson's photographic ability shows that a lot can be done within the District.

David Watt

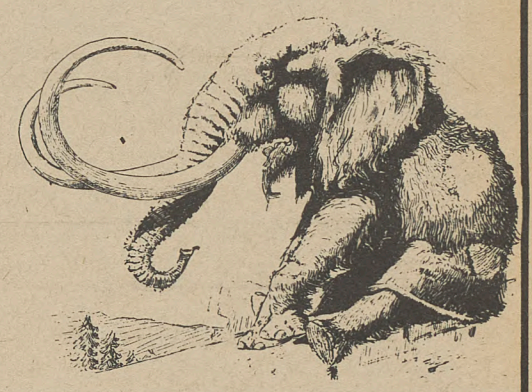
Photo by David Watt



ANY PEOPLE WHO ARE INVOLVED WITH HANDI-CRAFTS OF ANY KIND--- BRING YOUR THINGS TO

holy pooh pooh

WE CAN ALL HELP EACH OTHER---STOP BY ANY TIME. 1530 Conn. Ave.



theater

CANTERBURY TALES
Bawdy, Burlesque at the National
by James Bauer

Canterbury Tales , now playing at the National, is an anachronism. Basically it is a throwback to the days of Burlesque. It would not surprise me if Ann Corio or Gypsy Rose Lee play the Wife of Bath at some future date. At the National Constance Carpenter played the role--that's a little like trading a gold mine for a rock pile and finding uranium. It's been two years since I have seen such a marvelous performance on any Washington stage. She had the only good dramatic scene neatly folded and tucked away in her voluminous bodice. She was superb.

The play itself is an anomaly. It has the form of a Shakespeare comedy, the style of Burlesque, and a structure that immediately brings to mind THE MAN OF LA MANCHA. But in La Mancha Cervantes' tales were skillfully blended into the situation of the play, whereas in CANTERBURY TALES there is a crude separation of the two. While the situation in La Mancha moves at the same pace as the story of Don Quixote, in CANTERBURY TALES the situation never moves at all.

In CANTERBURY TALES, the characters move from the situation to play caricatures of themselves. This contrast could have been most effective, but very few of the characters were given a chance to develope a character. Patrick Hines was an exception, his versatility as a miller and then a caricature of himself was remarkable. The changes were so skillfully handled that it is hard for me to believe, even now, that he is not triplets.

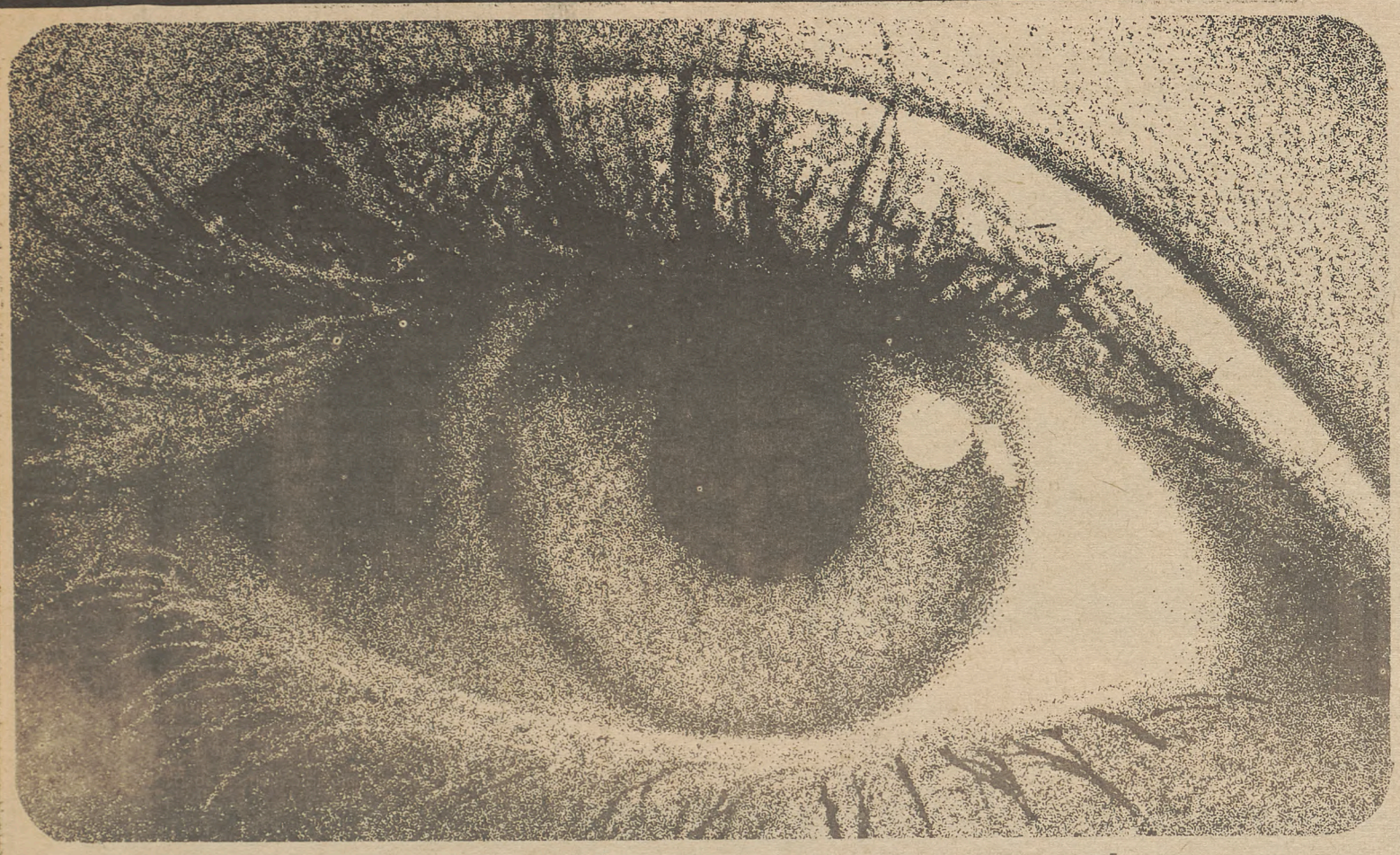
Ray Walston's performance, on the other hand, is a good example of what is wrong with theatre. He was smooth, polished, thoroughly professional and thoroughly dead. All the energy was there, his lines were delivered clearly, and you could almost hear him above the orchestra when he sang (no mean accomplishment), but he was all energy --no life.

Fortunately for CANTERBURY TALES, there was the rest of the cast, notably Terry Eno and Walter McGinn. Terry Eno's dancing and singing as Absalom in the Miller's Tale and as Chanticleer in the Nun's Priest's Tale were high spots in the play. Walter McGinn is grand as a Don Juan type in each of the tales.

HOT, HOT, FRESH-MADE APPLE PIE
by Charlene James

She can chaw chewing gum and murderously devour apples simultaneously. But don't concern yourself with her digestive tract; just watch Bunny Gantt as Lula in LeRoi Jones' DUTCHMAN. She writhes and wiggles herself across a subway train seat into the reaches of Clay, a very straight young Black, while she shimmers across into the audience with the most believable performance Washington theater has to offer.

Miss Gantt, white society as it teases, energizes the 1963 vintage with the personification of the reasons behind the strength, brutality and brilliance of the Black revolution. Through the total actor to actor concentration, Miss Gantt and Gerald Henderson, as Clay, lead the audience through a complete human relationship. Revolution, ideology, and Jones set-aside, you enter into an initial flirtation, a growing together, learning the who's and who else's of two people going somewhere. Find it funny? These two are witty, playing the game of seduction, "belly rubbing baby." If the laughter catches



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clowns

a grief god
dances
a water ballet
in the collected tears
of today

clowns gather
encircle the grief god
and shower him
with painted smiles

all dissolve in pity
for anyone's birth

the clowns
brush the grief god
with mouthless faces

all celebrate death
like a first child's
first birthday

---

if one wears a mask
too long
the flesh behind
atrophies
the mask claiming the body

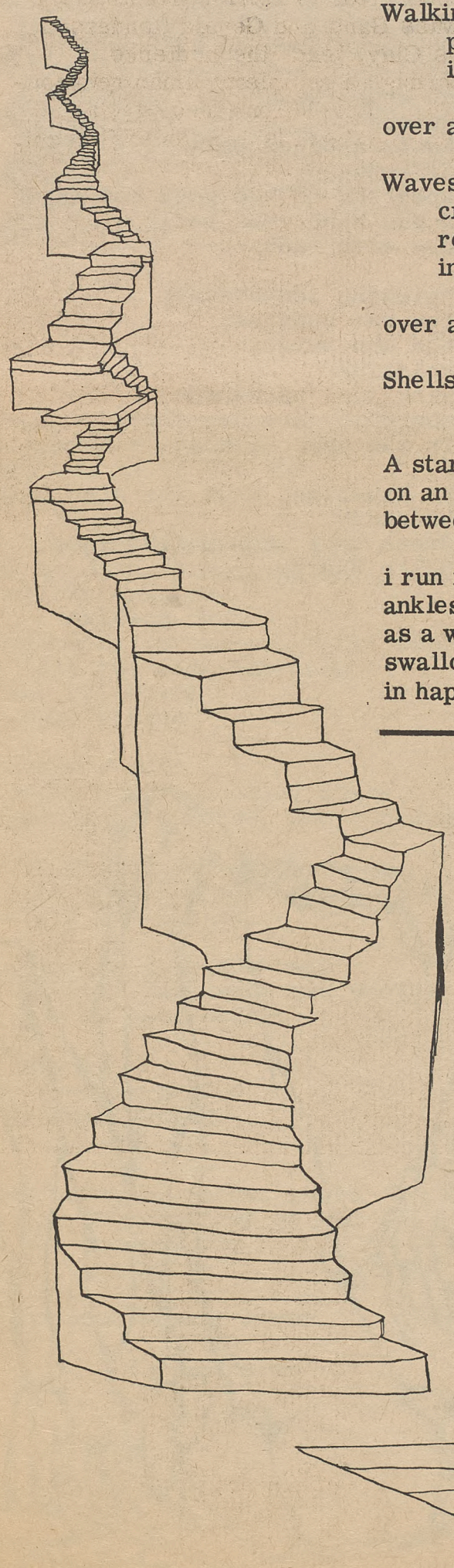
death arrives in strange forms

A world of
armored men
and
vunerable men.

The former, a nutcracker,
compressed upon
the nakedness of the latter.

in other words,

is ignorance of evil
really
a defense ?



Walking along the shore
plunging a walking stick
into a heart of sand

over and over again

Waves rushing shoreward
crashing and thundering
reaching for my feet
in their receding grasp

over and over again

Shells and exhausted rubble
cover the gray body of the shore

A star is being drawn
on an invisible line
between sea and sky

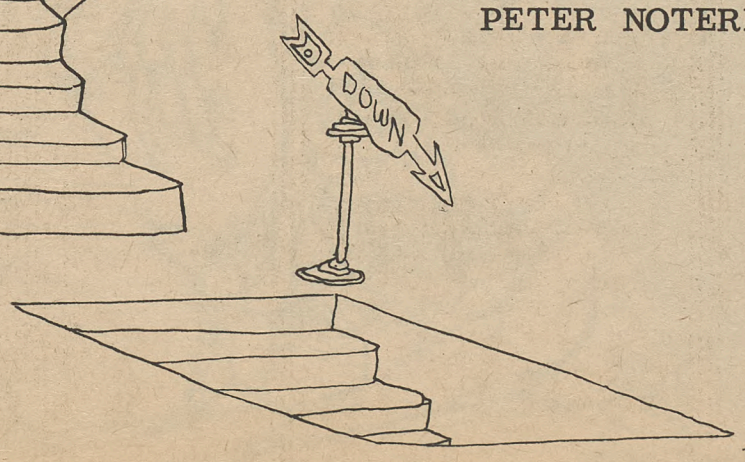
i run into the sea
ankles tangled in currents
as a wave and its brothers
swallow me
in happiness

---

i sip your body
like a vanilla milk shake

with <u>two</u> straws

PETER NOTERMAN



Topper

Paraphernalia
Wisconsin Avenue at P Street, N.W.

a few crippled steps
making music. One leg
lazy, shuffling.
behind her, follows a shadow
with no face.

Her face, limber
smiling Texas
blue bonnet,
brow deep, low, eyes apart in fear,
blonde bristles for hair--
greying.

She speaks ... poems
of crippled images
of crippled words
that rewrite history.

She is crippled with eclipses
colliding sideways
with no Stars.

Her world is a disabled Universe
where Moons and Suns are misplaced;
in the corner of the sky is a song
singing deaf notes,
a song without a beat.

a few crippled steps, a Leg with a shoe
no strings attached--
will get you there
time enough to hear the scribbling.

E.R.HAWKINS

conceive the candid dreamings of
a rye field, containing ashes
created in the aspirin church.
Fashion forces stately sniffings of
the wire candle holder.
Formed in mud, musical ministers
appear to make adjustments on machines
Fabricated for the sole purpose of
eating the manna distributed by
a god-like creature called
(for lack of originality)
Number One.
Made of three parts only,
Number One is the Author-Originator of
The mysticism surrounding the Number
It's functions are simple. Three.
It must invent, construct and destroy
everything that exists.

Mark Ardagna

---

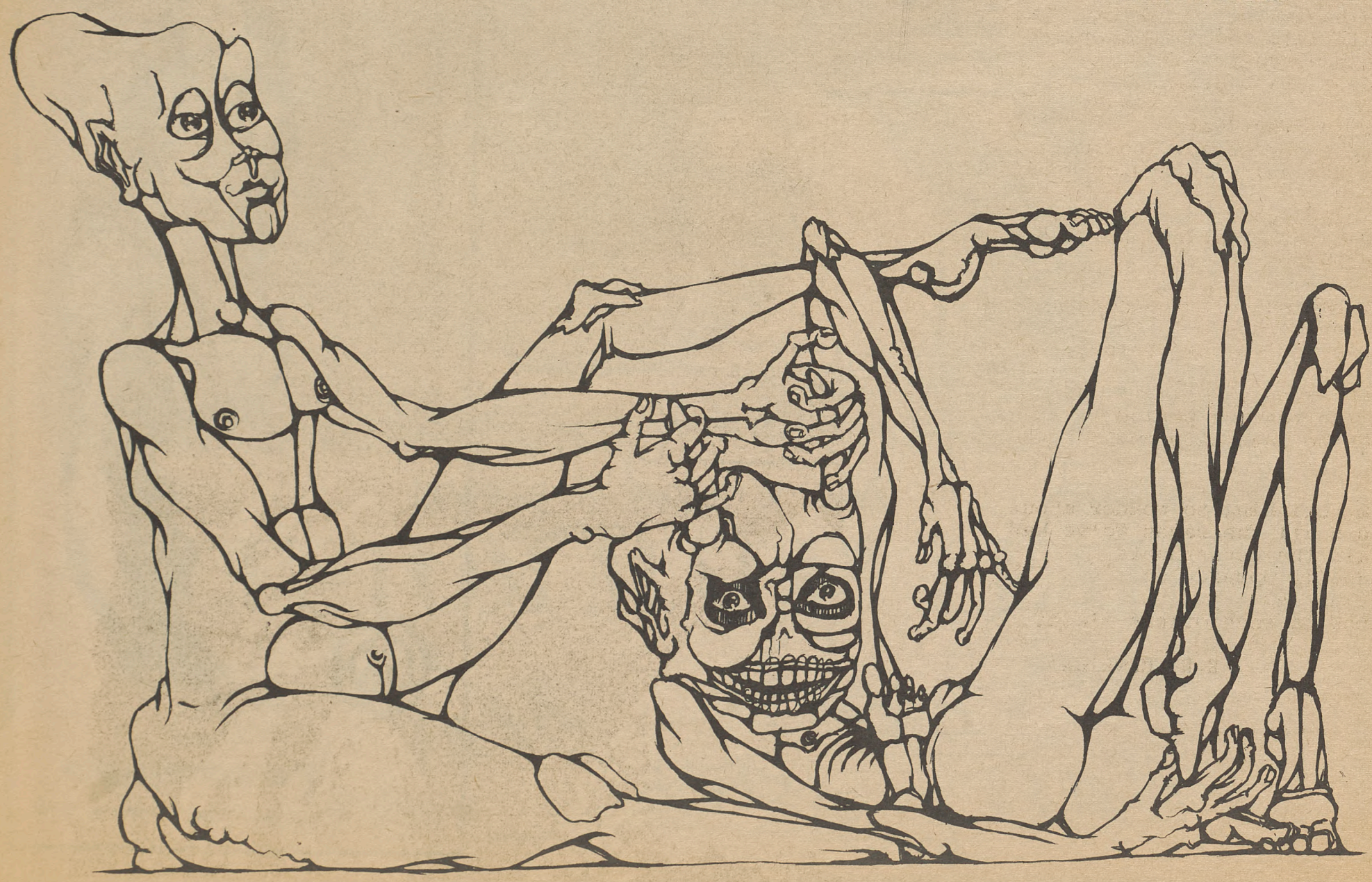
old man peters
sings songs
to himself
at night
while puffing rings
o-smoke up into
the grey maze of air.

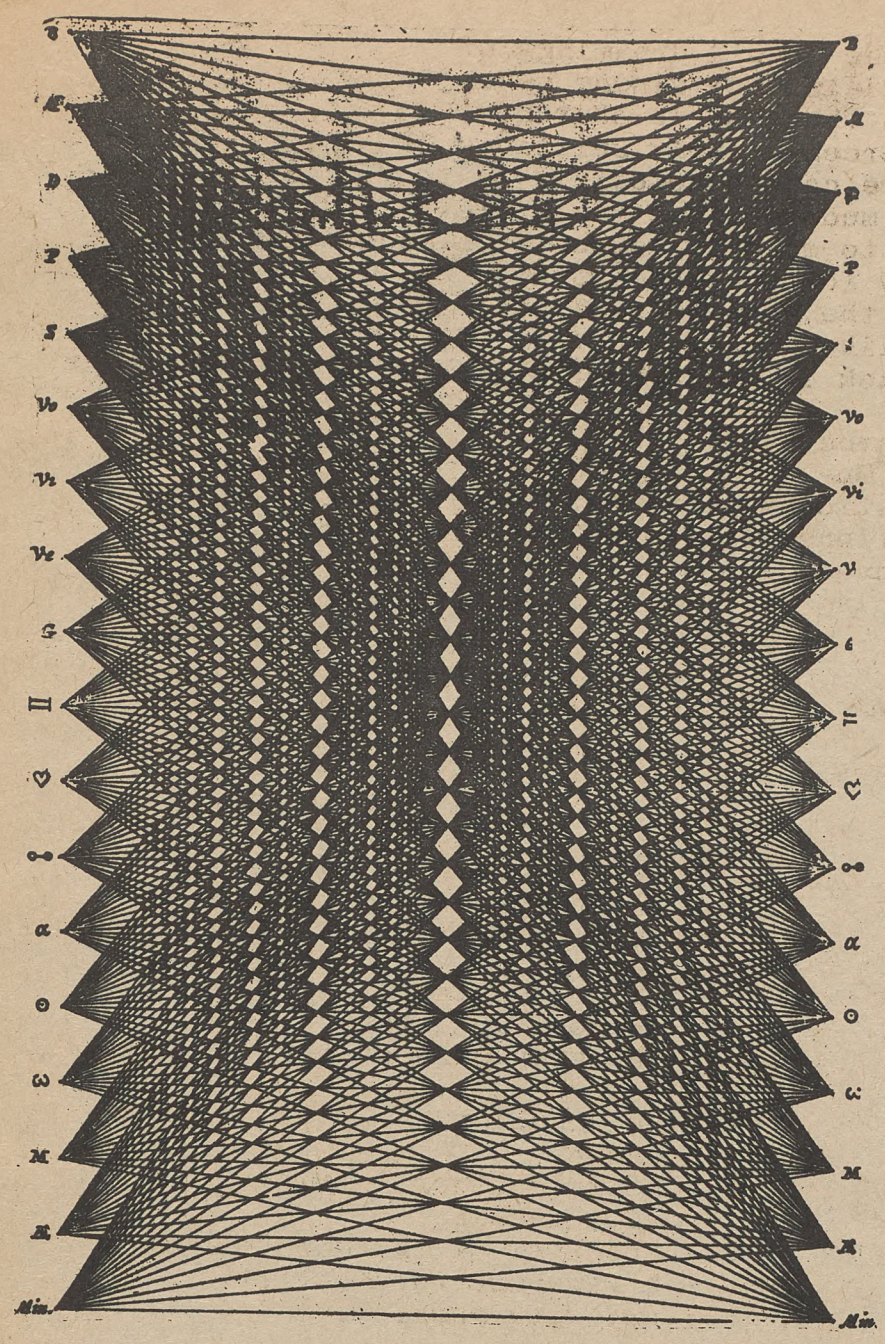
he grumbles
pauses
hoofs another belt
of tobacco,
speaking of the good ole days,
& raw hand rubs belly
dry with rash.

watching tentatively
the rat hustles,
old man peters
whistles
with lips backwards,
searching for his teeth
in the cave of head.

he stumbles
breathes
frets over the spilled food:
Gallo Sherry.

E.R. Hawkins





Electrical circuits shorted by
A brainless mind,
Engaged in thought
ORIGINALITY
Numbers set for conditioned responses
to vague environmental stimuli
of factors
not contained in the Original programming
of the machine.
Man.
Inductive leap
Man.
Deduction
Man.
Intuition
Man.
Logical-Illogical Reflexes.

Mark Ardagna

Existential

Birth is a day
Life is a long, long time
and death is forever...
(art is)

rs

I'm beginning to wonder about Sunday
& you ask me if I know
why the sun fills the sky
something rain all over

& all I begin to wonder
washes me down, brings me up
into my own sunrise.

I'm beginning to take my first steps
again into the same imprints
the same re-travel
made years behind

& with every walk
with every street looking alike
I'm beginning to wonder about Sunday

IF merry-go-rounds without
rings for grasping make the runway
end before the finish.

I'm beginning to wonder why
wooden horses only rock you around
where you've been before

& why Sunday
is the resting period
when so much happens.

I'm beginning to wonder about
you & all the races we've had
& all the wonderments
suddenly opening up
giving way
flooding each others flesh.

E.R. Hawkins

old - FILMS - new

BIRTH OF A NATION
by
Stephen Allen Whealton

David Wark Griffith is given credit in most film histories for developing many of the visual techniques which are now taken for granted in conventional film building. His first gigantic film, Birth of a Nation, is the culmination of his technique. Dating from 1914, it wears surprisingly well. Griffith himself added music and sound effects to the version showing here at the Rosslyn Plaza, and he shortened it by almost half, to two hours.

The story is very well-known- it is a Civil War story told from an uncompromisingly Southern point of view. The novel from which the film was taken was originally called The Clansman. As a Southerner, I am particularly sensitive not only to accuracy of portrayal and of fact, but also doubly put off by the bigotry of the story. My review of this totally interesting and rewarding film will concentrate on the technique of film-making and story-telling as D.W. Griffith had developed it in 1914; and on the injustices, innacuracies, and irrelevancies of the story, as Griffith saw and told it.

Flaws and Southernisms first: If the film were not so slanted and insensitive to the overall sweep of fact, it would not be a bad story. Judging by the standards of the other films dating from this period, Birth of a Nation is not excessively vulgar, illogical or incoherent on its own story terms. Nevertheless, stereotypes abound. Cardboard characters, cliche statements, obvious scenes following obvious scenes- all dominate the flow of the film. These would not be so bothersome to me had I not grown up in the South and studied the history of slavery and the Civil War and the Reconstruction. As it was, untruth grated on my nerves.

Griffith aimed the story of The Birth of a Nation not at those who are unconvinced that the South was overwhelmingly "wronged" during the Reconstruction, but rather to those who most probably are in basic agreement with his outlook. For Northerners, Griffith is careful to allow a certain amount of detachment- Abraham Lincoln is shown as a great humanitarian. The villains are militant abolitionists, blacks, carpetbaggers, and scalawags. The hero is a frail, gentlemanly fellow.

The problem with the story, then, is that Griffith concentrates upon one half of a social problem to the exclusion of the other half. It is true that after the Civil War many blacks and whites from North and South were inhumanly cruel to those white Southerners who had lost the war. The Civil War still being an occasional topic of conversation in my own deep-rooted Southern family, I have heard the Southerners' side of all the arguments implicit in Birth of a Nation. Griffith dramatizes them all well, but the other side of the argument is simply too overpowering in afterthought to afford ignoring it even at the relatively close vantage point of 1914.

Blacks were ill-treated far beyond the point of humanity in the South long before the Civil War. They still are. Socio-economic, cultural, and religious values and factors have kept the whites and blacks who have remained in the South in a kind of musty merry-go-round bondage. Some go North, but even they findtheir cultural roots holding them back. Many Southern traditions are honorable and noble; but they ill-fit our technological society. Birth of a Nation will do little harm except to those whose sentiments are held back in time and maturity. If it featured modern color, Panavision, Stereo sound, famous actors of the present day, and the most successful portions of Hollywood's new subtlety, it might pollute some people's attitudes, but as it is it is a relic and can be viewed with detachment.

More important than story, however, is the technique. D.W. Griffith was the first film-maker, so my film books tell me, to succeed with the visual devices which dominate preentday conventional film story-telling. To understand what Griffith did, it is first of all necessary to realize that he did not actually invent anything outright. If one goes back into the early years of this century and traces the dates on which the first film-maker used a close-up, or a medium-shot, or a set-up shot, or any of the other techniques and devices which Griffith popularized, one finds that Griffith is rarely if ever the actual first user of any one technique. His great contribution lay not in conjuring up new gimmicks, but in making sense and stories out of the great mess of brilliant filmic ideas which his predecessors and contemporaries had been turning out. The first twenty years of this twentieth century were years of unbelievable creative activity in film. D.W. Griffith is responsible for synthesizing a great deal of this creative endeavor and making a viable film method out of it all.

The other thing which is necessary if one is to understand what Griffith did is to take a few moments to analyze present everyday film or TV technique. Forget the sound for the moment. Although sound is very important, it can be ignored because the same devices which are now being used with both sight and sound were first used by sight alone and then extended and adapted to "talkies". Imagine a shot. First of all, how long is it.? How long does the film

continued on page 26

RE
VIEW:
THE BOYS IN THE BAND
by E.R. Hawkins

Mart Crowleys' THE BOYS IN THE BAND, currently showing at the Janus I and II, can be added to the list of films that have made a breakthrough for the film industry, actors and the homosexual. At last audiences can be entertained, educated, and laugh with realism and tragedy without being offended.

What we have to remember tho ugh, is that if films such as THE FOX, THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE and STAIRCASE had not been released here in America, it is quite evident that many audiences would have walked out in the very first scene of THE BOYS IN THE BAND. The very mention of so-called "sexual deviates" tends to create hostile reactions. It is sad to believe that there will be some of us who will not go to see this film because of its subject matter. . . and what a mistake they will make.

The cast of nine men in the film are from the original Broadway cast. As homosexuals and one straight man, their intricate characterizations are performed with honesty, and the actors are confident within their demanding roles. Probably the most difficult task, in playing such a role is the demand upon the actor to be truthful and respectful in finding some medium between overacting and underplaying without hindering the believability of his role. Thanks to the direction of William Friedkin, who was masterful enough to bring to the screen individual and clearly defined characterizations, the film does not get boggy with stereotype portraits of "queens."

Kenneth Nelson plays the part of Michael, who groups his friends for a birthday party and who provides the impact, pacing and empathy. Through Michael the visibility of the inner conflict

continued on page 26

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Hare Rama
Rama Rama
Hare Hare

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The Milky Way

stephen
allen
whealton

Luis Bunuel has made, by my count, twenty-eight films. Of these, I have seen seven, including almost all of the ones which critics consider to be the best.

His latest, The Milky Way, which is playing at the Key Theater in Georgetown, is probably my favorite. Luis Bunuel is one of my favorite film-makers, so The Milky Way is an important film to me.

It is in color, and it has many beautiful scenes. These two facts seem unimportant unless one notes that Bunuel usually strives to present a drab surface. It is a mellow film; quite humorous in its effect and mood. This, too, is in contrast with Bunuel's usual biting and satirical surface.

The film, like almost all of Bunuel's films, is very much related to the situation, but, it too has continuous critical references to religion and the Roman Catholic Church.

The Milky Way is perhaps Bunuel's most directly and totally Church-oriented film. More specifically, it seems to be about men's attitudes toward Jehovah, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Roman Catholic Church, the Virgin Mary, and a few other manifestations of this particular kind of Christian religion. Bunuel makes his comments about these problems by depicting a pair of pilgrims' travel in 1970 toward a small Spanish town. They meet along the way many nuns and priests from various periods in history, plus Jesus Christ and the Virgin Mary.

The film focuses upon the believers in various heresies throughout the period since the Church has been in existance.

The two pilgrims wander from some place in France to Santiago de Compostela, a small town on the very tip of the Northwest coast of Spain. One is a young man, about 25; the other is an old man who says he is 59. At various points in the film, other characters, some of them traveling from one period/setting to another, take the spotlight. Jesus Christ appears from time to time with his followers.

It would be pointless to convey Bunuel's point of view, or to try to recount the "plot." If you feel strongly and dogmatically about religion, perhaps you would dislike The Milky Way. If you require straightforward story-lines and direct meanings, you will not embrace The Milky Way. Whether or not you are an active Catholic, an active and proselytizing Roman Catholic Church; past and present. Bunuel does not like the Church, and his films catalogue and dramatize his reasons. In Un Chien Andalou, the Church was not the only victim of Bunuel's wit and criticism, but the Church got it s share of sarcasm. The Age of Gold, which I have not yet seen, is well known as an extremely anti-clerical film. These two films, Bunuel's first, were made around the year 1930 in collaboration with Salvador Dali.

continued on page 26

Anthropologist

The animals speak in primitive sounds
Of grunt and squeak and howl
The mental set of tail or throat
Sets off a subtle warning net
A nosy world of sniff
Commands a great, great part of brain
The urine staking out of space says
This is my place
The low, inflaming gesture movement, part
Arouse the faunal heart
Within a set of basic rules
Variety flecks the face of life
The predecessor steps to man lay in the pattern
He blindly, neatly follows
Matching foot to prior plan
Man howls and grunts and squeaks
And says he speaks
Reacts to body set and hair
And facial flicker unaware.

Ingrid Leeds

JAPANESE CINEMA APRIL 4-12

THE HARP OF BURMA

THE AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE THEATRE

ALONE ACROSS THE PACIFIC
SAT., APR. 4 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
"The true story of a young Japanese who sailed a yacht from Osaka to San Francisco, in ninety days of solitary adventure . . . One did not expect so much quiet humor . . . the sailor's advance preparations include a long, preposterous shopping list, with five straw hats in case four blow away; gallantly, he cooks terrible concoctions . . . After the triumphant shooting of the Golden Gate Bridge, the audience gave the star an immense cheer — as much a tribute to Ichikawa, for achieving such a sense of involvement." — Penelope Houston. (1963. Directed by Kon Ichikawa. Starring Yujiro Ishihara. CinemaScope, Eastman Colour. 104 mins. English subtitles. Courtesy of Connoisseur Films).

UGETSU MONOGATARI
SUN., APR. 5 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
"Ugetsu describes the adventures of a potter, his wife, and a ghost princess during a civil war in the sixteenth century; it is half realistic, half legendary, but both levels are treated as if they were the same. The film contains an extraordinary amount of incident, much of it alien and fantastic, but the narrative triumphantly creates its own world; exquisitely composed and combining the most delicate subtlety with a rich, barbaric power, this is a truly marvellous work." — Gavin Lambert. (1953. Directed by Kenji Mizoguchi. Starring Machiko Kyo. English subtitles. 95 mins. Courtesy of Janus Films).

THE HARP OF BURMA
MON., APR. 6 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
"At the end of the war in Burma a Japanese detachment is taken prisoner, and awaits repatriation. But one of its members had escaped, and been left for dead: recovering, he starts a weary trek to rejoin his comrades. On the way he passes woods and hillsides strewn with corpses. He becomes gripped by an obsession: to bury these bodies as some sort of expiation, perhaps remorse on the world's behalf . . . The film expresses an anguish. There is something absolutely haunting about it: its poetry is uneven, but authentic, at times intense." — Lindsay Anderson. The film has even more relevance today than when its was made — as a powerful statement against war, and a comparison between the philosophical and materialistic approaches to life. (1956. Directed by Kon Ichikawa. Starring Shoji Yasui, Rentaro Mikuni. 116 mins. English subtitles. Courtesy of Brandon Films).

IKIRU (LIVING)
TUE., APR. 7 5:30 & 8:30 P.M.
Like *The Harp of Burma*, *Ikiru* has a harrowing theme that is treated with profound humanity. A minor local government official learns that he is soon to die of cancer. After a wasted life of bureaucratic muddling, he determines to achieve one memorable act: the creation of a park out of waste ground. Single-handed he drives the project through: after his death his superiors try to assume the credit. The film is both a comment on the inhumanity of officialdom and an assertion of man's extraordinary resilience: confronted with death, the clerk learns for the first time to live. — M.W. (1952. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. Starring Takashi Shimura. 140 mins. English subtitles. Courtesy of Brandon Films).

SHE AND HE
WED., APR. 8 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
"This film has been described as Antonioni-esque. And, to be sure, its star, Sachiko Hidari, is one of the few actresses who could be compared to Monica Vitti. Furthermore, Hani's story of the gradual awakening of a comfortably middle-class wife to the existence of a world outside her modern apartment and her grey-flannel husband would certainly have interested Antonioni. Although his photography and framing are in the Japanese tradition, Hani's direction is excitingly contemporary; a jumpy camera, elliptical scenario, and a nervy style of editing. This film definitely establishes Hani as one of the most talented young Japanese directors." — Richard Roud. (1963. Directed by Susumu Hani. 110 mins. English subtitles. Courtesy of Brandon Films).

THE BAILIFF (SANSHO DAYU)
THU., APR. 9 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
Kenji Mizoguchi was one of the world's greatest directors and here is one of his finest films. *The Bailiff* is set in 11th-century Japan. Two children are kidnapped and sold into slavery; the son escapes, assumes his rightful post as a provincial governor, deposes the cruel bailiff; then resigns in order to find his abandoned mother. The story has the quality of legend and it is presented in images of breathtaking beauty. — M. W. (1954. Starring Kinuyo Tanaka, Yoshiaki Hanayagi. 125 mins. English subtitles. Courtesy of Brandon Films).

WOMAN IN THE DUNES
FRI., APR. 10 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
"Winner of the special Jury prize at Cannes, this is one of the strangest and most hauntingly beautiful films ever made. An allegory probing fundamental questions of alienation and identity, the story begins with a young widow confined to a deep pit in the dunes, fed by her neighbors, forced constantly to clear her house of the threatening sands, which would otherwise engulf not only her house but the whole village. To her, the villagers bring a passing stranger whom they have trapped into sharing her work and her bed — forever . . ." — R. R. (1963. Directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara. Starring Eiji Okada and Kyoko Kishida. 130 mins. English subtitles. Courtesy of Pathé Contemporary Films).

TOKYO OLYMPIAD
SAT., APR. 11 5:30 & 8:30 P.M.
"An outstanding documentary, visually brilliant and imaginative and stirring. It is not a record, but a work of art by a distinguished filmmaker, impressionistically conveying the atmosphere of an occasion. The occasion happened to be the fifteen-day Olympiad in Tokyo in 1964, but the mere facts are unimportant; the film is a study of the people, competing and watching." — Richard Mallet. Full-length International Version, approved by Kon Ichikawa. (1964. Directed by Kon Ichikawa. 130 mins. English commentary. Courtesy of Jan-Or Pictures).

DOUBLE SUICIDE
SUN., APR. 12 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
"Based on a doll play by Chikamatsu about the tragic clash between love and duty in feudal Japan, *Double Suicide* is a remarkable stylistic experiment in which the weird, formalized sets are shifted on screen by hooded scene-changers who remain hovering in the background as silent, ominous witnesses to the tragedy as three people — husband, wife and mistress — tear each other to shreds in a rage of frustrated passion. The deliberate clash of conventions — realistic acting and painted sets, complete sexual frankness and rigid moral codes — builds an extraordinary tension (as though Racine were crossed with Shakespeare) which explodes in the fantastic final sequence where the scene-changers, silent and mournful in silhouette on the skyline, ritually erect a gibbet so that the hero may complete the double suicide." — Tom Milne. (1969. Directed by Masahiro Shinoda. Starring Kichiemon Nakamura, Shima Iwashita. 142 mins. Courtesy of Toho International).

SELECTIONS from "JACKSTONES"

Monk

Pound away, oh mortar
Of a conscience too late moved
Grinding grains of self to powder
Pound away at the marks of birth
Pound away on the pestle of your life
Grind the ego into bits so fine
The lumps no longer show
Pound away at the irritating pride
In accomplishment machanically won
And victories in which yo had no hand
Pound away, pound, pound away
And the powder of your work
Will turn to dust, turfing yet another layer
On the surface of man's earth.

Salesman

The shiny, motherless inventions
Array the Hoffritz windows
The glittery, pretty stainless steel
Used but once a year
On Gifting Day
Mechanofactured
Chrome plated
Mirror-surfaced
Things
Reflect the bored, round
Pointless faces
But where's the gift
That's shaped and tapered
Draped around relationship
Crisped by love
In the friendship oven?

"JACKSTONES", a book of poetry by Morton Leeds, with Illustrations by Ingrid Leeds

NEW FACES
MON., APR. 13 6:00 P.M.
Over the past two years about 30 films, ranging in length from 5 to 110 minutes, have been completed with financial assistance from the AFI Production Program. The range is wide: debuts by promising young directors and adventurous essays by independents who are working in advance of current conventions. Backing new talent is always a gamble, but more necessary today than ever before. The program will include the following titles: *National Flower of Brooklyn* (Tom McDonough), *Sticky my Fingers* (John Hancock), *Momentum* (Jordan Belson), *The Good Friend* (Jimmy Murakami), *Arena* (Istvan Ventilla), *A Question to Mr. Humphrey* (Ed Lynch).

CHRONICLE OF ANNA MAGDALENA BACH
MON., APR. 13 8:30 P.M.
"As the title suggests, this is a film about Bach as seen by his second wife, but its real subject is his music. Plot is reduced to a spare rendering of the basic facts of his life. The camera moves hardly at all; nothing is allowed to interfere with our experience of the music. But, when the camera does move, it does so with tremendous effect — as in Dreyer's *Gertrud* which this film most strongly resembles. Some will find it too slow; others will see it as minimal art as its best, when less really is more because that less is exactly right, because Straub has pared and pared until he has reached the glowing heart of his subject." — Richard Roud. (Italy/West Germany, 1968. Directed by Jean-Marie Straub. Starring Gustav Leonhardt, Christiane Lang. 90 mins. English subtitles. Courtesy of New Yorker Films).

LE VIOL
TUE., APR. 14 5:00 & 8:30 P.M.
Like *Belle de Jour*, *Le Viol* hovers teasingly on the borderline between reality and fantasy. A husband leaves his young and pretty wife alone for the day. A stranger forces his way in, ties her up. She fears rape; instead, he makes polite conversation. The mood is cool, detached, exquisite . . . and at the end it seems as though it might have been her daydream. — M. W. (Sweden/France, 1967. Directed by Jacques Doniol-Valcroze. Starring Bibi Anderson, Bruno Cremer. Eastmancolor. 80 mins. English subtitles. Courtesy of Gadabout Gaddis Productions, Boston). Also:

DAVID HOLZMAN'S DIARY
Unemployed and recently classified A.1. by his draft board, cinéphile David Holzman, struck by Godard's pronouncement that "film is truth 24 times a second", determines to get at the truth of his own existence by putting it onto film. He tries to record a week in his life, with special emphasis on the relationship between him and his girlfriend. An exhilerating exploration of the relationship between cinema and life, truth and illusion. Provocative in content, technically dazzling: this was the astonishing first feature of a director now in the course of completing his third. It deserves to be widely seen. — M. W. (USA, 1967. Directed by Jim McBride. With L. M. Kit Carson and Penny Wohl. 73 mins. Courtesy of Berger and Goodman.)

MY WAY HOME
WED., APR. 15 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
Miklos Jancso is gradually emerging as one of the most powerful and individual of today's film directors. *The Round Up* was an immediate sellout in our February program; here is an earlier film that confirms his brilliance. A young Hungarian, returning home at the end of the last war, is arrested by the Russian army; while detained he strikes up a friendship with a soldier — a brief interlude of calm before chaos overtakes him once again. Few films have captured so well the dislocation of life and the warmth of human contact. In Western terms its technique is conservative; however, the stylistic imprint is unmistakeable. — M. W. (Hungary, 1964. Starring Andras Kosak, Sergei Nikomenko 100 mins. approx. Courtesy of the Hungarian Embassy) Supporting program to be announced.

CHINA IS NEAR
THU., APR. 16 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
Marco Bellochio is one of Italy's most exciting young directors — though his brilliant debut *(Fists in the Pocket, 1965)* has yet to be shown in America. Here is his second film: a dry, elegant satire on Italian politics and society. Like another recent Italian picture, *Before the Revolution*, it is concerned with the credibility gap between true radicalism and middle-class Marxism. Technically, the film is dazzling, owing much to Godard; in content it is full of wry humour and insights — a professor contemplating the ethics of voting for himself, a Socialist reading to a group of party members a telegram announcing the presence of a bomb in the room. — M.W. (Italy, 1967. Starring Glauco Mauri and Elda Tattoli. 108 mins. Courtesy of Columbia Pictures — Royal Films International).

JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME
FRI., APR. 17 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
"*Je t'Aime, Je t'Aime* concerns a scientific experiment to make a man actually relive a moment of his life. Ridder is an ideal subject, for he has just been unwillingly saved from suicide; therefore, if the experiment fails (and failure means death) little will have been lost. This, then, is the frame: the major part of the film is an unchronological montage of Ridder's life, for, after that single moment is recaptured, the machine goes wild and flashes from his life, from his dreams, begin to form an illogical but convincing picture of Claude Ridder. As one might expect, Resnais succeeds beautifully in his patchwork quilt of time." — Richard Roud. (France, 1968. Directed by Alain Resnais. Starring Olga Georges-Picot, Claude Rich. Eastman Color. Courtesy of Twentieth Century-Fox).

HUGS AND KISSES
SAT., APR. 18 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
"Anyone who feels there is always something faintly ridiculous about Swedish sex films is bound to enjoy *Hugs and Kisses*. For this film is by a young Swedish director who has seen the joke, too, in this tale of a very Swedish *ménage à trois*. Delightfully funny in a cool, understated way, elegantly filmed and suavely played, it reminds one irresistibly of Harold Pinter. There seems to be no direct influence, just the sudden changes of tone, the slightly sinister implications beneath the entertaining dialogue and even wittier silence, and the final switch in the relationships between husband, wife and their butler-friend. Elegant, erotic, entertaining." — Richard Roud. (Sweden, 1966. Directed by Jonas Cornell. Starring Agneta Ekmanner, Lena Granhagen. 93 mins. Courtesy of Avco-Embassy).

EVERYTHING FOR SALE
SUN., APR. 19 6:00 & 8:30 P.M.
"Wajda achieved personal fame and a new standing for the Polish cinema with his war trilogy. For a time the Polish cinema suffered eclipse, and Wajda wasted his talents on block-busters. *Everything for Sale* is a dazzling return to form — an act of homage to the late Zbigniew Cybulski, star of *Ashes and Diamonds*. The psychological insight, the teasing mixture of fact and fiction, the bravura direction make this compulsively viewable. — M. W. (Poland, 1968. Directed by Andrzej Wajda. Starring Andrzej Lapicki, Beata Tyszkiewicz, Daniel Olbrychski. Courtesy of Celebrity Holdings).

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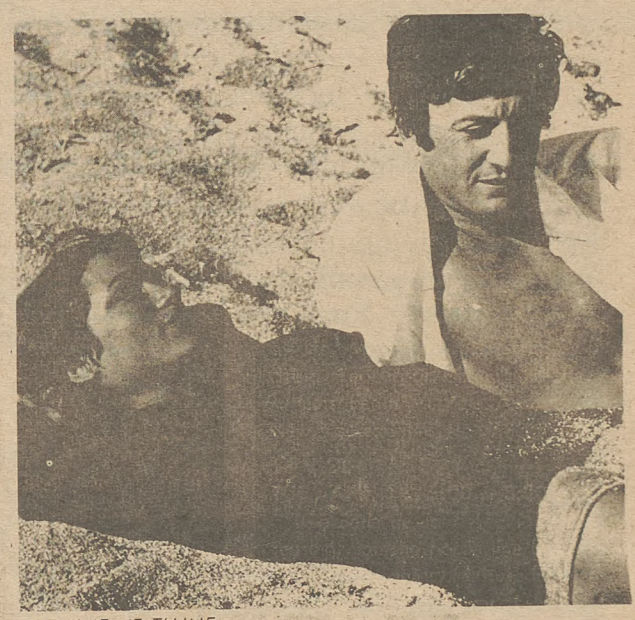
NEW DIRECTIONS APRIL 13-19



JE T'AIME, JE T'AIME

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⑳notes

SIT DOWN OLD FRIEND---DION
(Warner-Brothers W7-1826)

Remember Dion and the Belmonts? Well, it's time to refresh your memory, because Dion is back, alone, and with a beautiful sound. Using classical and steel guitar, and no backup, Dion drifts through eleven dynamite numbers (eight of which he is involved in the writing of.) In addition to his own material, Dion gives a poignant rendition of Jacques Brel's "If We Only Have Love", and a rousing version of Willie Dixon's "You Can't Judge a Book By the Cover."

What's neat about this album is that it seems to be the natural and logical evolution that folk music was taking back in the middle sixties. It reminds me of the best work done by Mark Spoelstra, John Hammond Jr., and Jesse Colin Young (before he joined the Young-bloods). The guitar work, whether blues tinged, or thumb rolling or soft-picked, is always a perfect counterpoint to the type of song being done. Electryfying this album would have ruined it. Instead we sit back and dig Dion's beauitful voice and enjoy a marvelous album. Songs like "Just a Little Girl", "Natural Man", "Little Pink Pony" and "Let Go, Let God" entrance us with their beauty. Occasional jazz-scats spin off crystal clear vocals. That is another beautiful thing, one can make out all the words, there is no affected slurring. When your head gets heavy from the big bands, find this album, put it on, go to sleep, wake up to it, and let your mind go easy. And

it will.

COUNTRY FUNK, Polydor 24-4020

If you ever liked the Byrds, then you'll have to like Country Funk. At times, its like listening to the Byrds at their best---countryfied tunes, natural harmonies, simple structures. But it goes beyond imitation. After all, developing a wholly original sound is impossible anyways. So what Country Funk does is engross us with an unencumbered, joyful sound.

The quartet does a very together gig on this record, twelve songs, with derivations from the Byrds and the Flying Burrito Brothers, and one song, "Comin' In", that hints of the String Band (the Incredible one). The guitar riffs are generally short and to the point, styled within the traditional context of country guitar breaks. "I Find a Way (Song of Love)" is the one unusual departure from the musical thematics of the album, a love song more in the Brel and Aznavour style. A lovely song, but standing strangely in relation to the surrounding sounds. Outstanding cuts are "Apart of Me", "Want", "When I'm Without You", "For Me", "Poor Boy", and "Really My Friend." A different and very together sound.

THE BEATLES (Circe 1960)
with Tony Sheridan, Polydor 24-4504

Polydor has released an album featuring some early work by the Beatles. In a way its an interesting album, but I'm not sure how much it's worth. The only real point of interest on the album is a Harrison-Lennon instrumental titled "Cry for a Shadow". There is, at best, a little hint that these boys have talent. But it is not quality music, only vintage. Actually, its not even the Beatles, as we know them--no Ringo, and two people who were only there for a while.

The rest of the album features a singer named Tony Sheridan, with the Beatles backing him up on standard numbers like "Let's Dance" and "Sweet Georgia Brown" and the Ray Charles song, "What'd I Say".

Sheridan at times does a remarkably good Presley imitation, but he never rises above a general level of competence. George Harrisson says on the back of the album that he felt the Beatles reached their stage peak in Hamburg (where these recordings were made in 1960), because then the people were drawn by the music, not by the personalities. Of course, music wasn't as developed then, so the times were treated as they should have been. Had the Beatles not evolved, it is hard to believe they would still be playing at all, much less the same music.

Anyways, the recording quality is not all that great, but I suppose this album will have a lot of nostalgic and historical legitimacy, so what the hell, it's kind of fun.

INSIDE, Paul Horn, Epic BXN 26466

The story behind Paul Horn's album, "Inside", is almost as beautiful as the album itself.

During his second trip to India, Horn made one of his numerous visits to the Taj Mahal, one of his favorite spots in the world, because, as he says, "the hushed atmosphere throughout the grounds make the soul begin to glow deep within."

Inside the central dome, made of solid marble, the acoustics are so fine that a vocal tone may be suspended in space for 28 seconds, and it is impossible to tell when the voice stopped, and the echo took over. With this musical phenomonon facing him, Horn developed a close relatioship with the guardian of the chamber, a man whose family had been responsible for the chamber for fourteen generations. The guardian's chants are interspersed with Horn's flute in what must be one of the most beautiful albums of all time. It is the kind of album that requires attention and solitude, for its beauty is directed at the soul, not the ears. It is the kind of album that defies categories or critical explanations beyond unbounded praise. If I were to be locked up in a room for a long time, these would be the sounds I would want to carry in my head. You will miss an instrument of rare beauty if you don't find this album.

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counter notes

AMBERGRIS, Paramount PAS-5014

Following in the ambitious footsteps of B,S & T and Cold Blood, comes Ambergris---a nine-piece musical monster. To say that this music rocks is an understatement. Just listen to the different instruments you'll hear- piano, organ, bass, trumpet, string bass, violin, conga drum, guitar, harmonica, trombone, and drums. Throw them all together into a very tight ensemble sound and what you've got is Ambergris- definitely a band with a future. Jimmy Maeulen, who handles most of the vocals, works the sound off the band in a way that allows dual concentration on the words and the music.

The first side is just dynamite. Five heavy tunes, best of which are "Play on Player" and "Chocolate Pudding" (which is one song that really deserves air-play, 'cause it's a gas.) The quality of Maeulen's singing is that his diction is excellent, and his delivery is pretty straightforward. He manages to avoid the temptation of becoming the big band singer who shifts the attention from the group to himself.

The high quality music continues on the second side. on "Walking on the Water", as in several other songs, effective use is made of the bowed string bass, as counterpoint to the vocals. "Sunday Lady" is perhaps the most promising commercial cut on the album, falling just short of pop-40ish styling.

"Soul Food" and "Home Grown" continue the dynamic quality of a band that uses its brass section effectively throughout the album. This is a mighty good album, one that asks to be played loud.

BLOODROCK (Capitol ST-435)

Bloodrock is being lauded as one of the new heavy groups. It is one of the few bands deserving of its praise. Doing mostly original material, the band moves back and forth between incredibly heavy and alternately tender sounds. The lead vocals of Jim Rutledge are heavily reminiscent of Steve Miller, but the back-up work is more on the order of Steepenwolf or Mountain. The first side of the album is totally solid. Songs like "Fatback" and "Castle of Thoughts" feature stunning guitar work by Lee Pickens and one these songs and throughout the album one is aware of the always pulsating keyboard work of Stevie Hill.

The beauty of the album is that our interest is sustained- our involvement intensifies, so that by the time we reach the last two songs, we are totally commited to the Bloodrock sound. And we are rewarded with two truly outstanding songs. "Fantastic Piece of Architecture" is a breezy hymn, whose haunting melody perfectly supports the mystic motions of its story. And finally, "Melvin Laid an Egg" opens up with one of those incredible bass runs that says: "this piece is heavy." Basic acid-rock is interspersed with gentler breaks, but the song just builds and builds. As stated previously, the best feature of the group is its really together sound- and that sound is HEAVY.

A FESTIVAL OF GREAT FRENCH FILMS

Wed thru Sat, April 15-18
Pagnol's "Baker's Wife" +
"A Nous La Liberte"

Sun thru Tue, April 19-21
"Children of Paradise" +
Vigo's "Zero for Conduct"

Wed thru Sat, April 22-25
"Grand Illusion" +
Pagnol's "Harvest"

Sun thru Tue, April 26-28
"Under the Roofs of Paris" +
"Letters from My Windmill"

Wed-Thur, April 29-30
"Forbidden Games" +
"The Red and the Black"

Fri-Sat, May 1-2
"My Uncle" +
Pagnol's "Fanny"

Sun-Mon-Tue, May 3-5
Pagnol's "Well Digger's Daughter"
+ Moliere's "Would Be Gentleman"

Wed-Thur, May 6-7
Pagnol's "Cesar" +
"Boudu Saved from Drowning"

Fri-Sat, May 8-9
"Zazie" +
Vigo's "L'Atalante"

Sun-Mon-Tue, May 10-12
"Muriel" +
Pagnol's "Marius"

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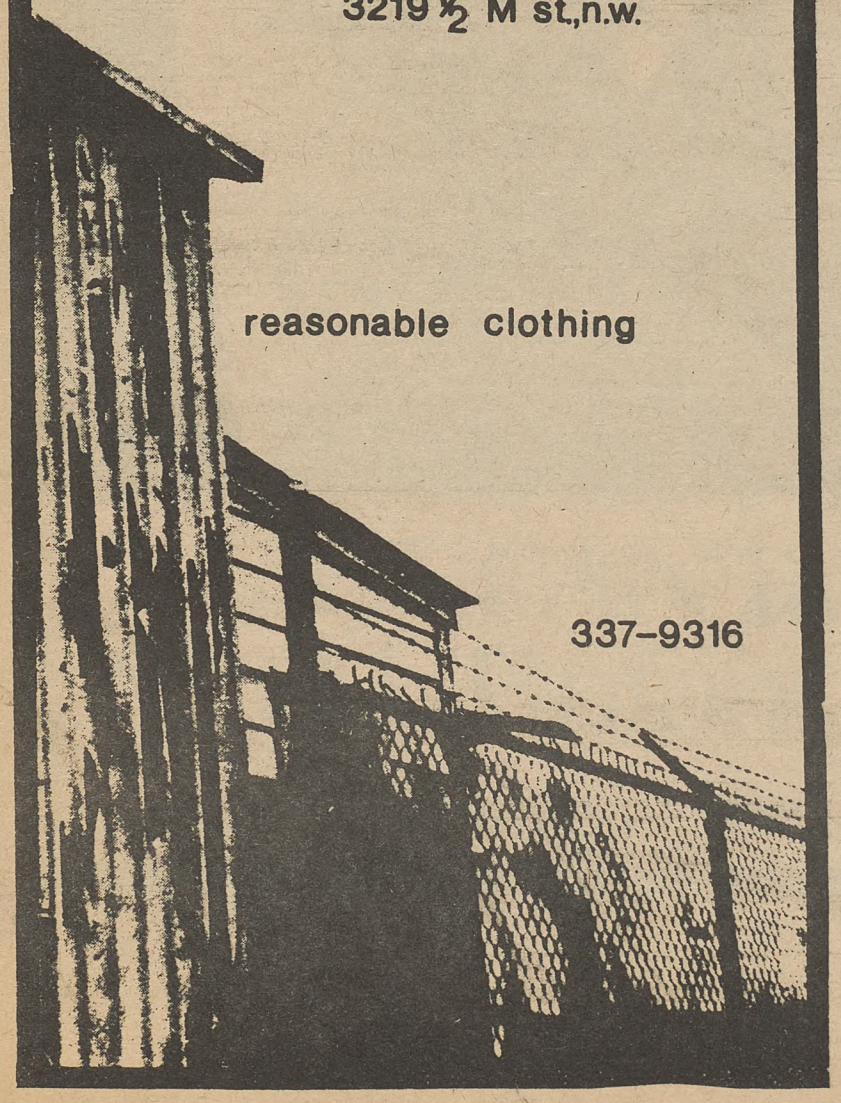

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NEW BOOKS
ON THE ARTS
in brief

ANDY WARHOL--One of America's foremost artists is given a visual history in Stockholm's Moderna Museet publication. It is hard to label Warhol a painter, a sculptor, a filmmaker, or what. Nevertheless, Sweden supplies a good survey of his multi-media creations with black and white reproductions of everything from Billo to Monroe. Large paperback at $6.50.

TOTAL THEATRE--A new publication from Dutton, by a Mr. Kirby dealing with the contemporary and coming œuvres in the stage. The author goes back as far as necessary into the history of the stage to give clear ideas of where it all came from and what the importances of it are for today. It is not only due to the scarcity of work on the subject, but also due to the brilliance of this work that it is noted. Paperback at $2.45.

QUICKLY AGING HERE--An anthology of some of the poets of the 1970's. If you're curious to see what the lesser known but good poets of today are writing, this is the book to see. No one is given the top billing, let alone the already heard from poets in this peephole into the hinterlands. Doubleday paperback at $1.98.

URBAN & REGIONAL PLANNING--A SYSTEMS APPROACH--This book is a good spokesman for a new way of looking at our planning process. It gives a desire and a method, and a good serious look at what these two things really are. Written by J. Brian McLoughlin, published by Praeger at $9.00 in hard cover.

STREETS FOR PEOPLE--The author of "Architecture without Architects", Bernard Rudofoky, turns his attention from the building to the street. What it has been, and what it is not becoming. And further, what it possibly should be. A well illustrated volume published by Doubleday at $14.95.

AMERICAN BUILDINGS AND THEIR ARCHITECTS- William H. Pierson Jr. gives a good look at America's contribution to architecture, concentrating on Colonial and Neo-Classical Styles. Those landmarks were built by Christopher Wren, Jefferson, Charles Bullfinch, Robert Mills... Pearson goes through them all, even down to Southwest Baroque, Well-illustrated, published by Doubleday at $12.50.

TOWARD A NEW ARCHITECTURE- Le Corbusier's book is no less important now that it is printed in paperback, than it was when it was first published. The architect uses everything structured from the Pantheon to the airplane to explain his theories on the nature of his profession and how he sees it. Complete with photos and reproductions of his drawings, published by Praeger at $3.95.

DANCE WORLD-1969- John Willis' new edition on the art , covering the past year. The New York season and the seasons around the nation are summed up, including Dance Theater of Washington, D.C.-The appendix brings biographies of dancers up to date and adds to referrence knowledge. Published by Crown with 450 photographs, at $8.95.

GOING STEADY-Pauline Kael gives her latest rendition of scathing opinions on the cinema. And a few films she even likes. Some of the well-known movies she deals with are "La Chinoise","Romeo and Juliet", "Yellow Submarine","faces", and "Weekend". Published by Little, Brown, at $6.95.

COMPLETE OPERAS OF VERDI- (25)
Charles Osborne presents 26 Verdi Operas and gives his analysis in this new work. The Operas in their own times arestresses
times are stressed and thus this is a picnic for the historian. Invaluable for the opera fiend. Random House, at $10.00.

OUTLAW BLUES- In another Dutton paperback from their art series is Paul Williams' analysis of modern music. A full spectrum of writers and performers present the famous (Dylan, Jefferson Airplane, the Byrds) and the not so famous. $2.45.

ART AND THE TIMES OF THE GUITAR Frederic Grunfeld's history of the guitar explains where it originated and what it was like. A good perspective for the guitarist of today as well as for the music lover in general. Published by Macmillan, at $9.95.

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN- Undoubtebly this is to be the year of Beethoven. This giant volume celebrates the 200th birthday of the great composer with his history, his friends, his times. The book's size matches that of a complete boxed set of symphonies and includes photos, drawings and reminecences. Published by Praeger, at $25.00.

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(26) BOYS, continued from page 16

of being a homosexual becomes justified and humane. Opposite Mr. Nelson is Leonard Frey who is exact, precise and effective as Harold, the Jewish ugly-duckling. He comes on strong and witty. Through his character the realization of the commited man to homosexuality is absolute and understandable.

Providing humor and keeping you laughing and attentive, Cliff Gorman gives a classical performance as Emory, the gayest of them all and the most delicate of the eight men. Mr. Gorman is totally aware --concentrating in one of the best performances on screen since Dustin Hoffman in MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

The film, like the stage version, is in two parts. In the first act we are delighted with an introduction to the private lives of each. It is like watching through a keyhole, but it is also we who are looking at ourselves. With bawdy heavy burlesque, word games and puns slanted on the lives of "gay people", the games thicken and each individual begins to reveal his hidden secrets, stripping himself of his dignity.

As an audience we come to empathize and understand. THE BOYS IN THE BAND douses us with a little more reality which our society has been avoiding far too long.

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in your throat, it's just a chunk of apple--too big.

Lena? Lola? What is her name? Lula lies about it, her profession, her living quarters. She admits her pathology, claiming that, "it helps me control the world," but it's Bunny Gantt who pulls out another tempting fruit just to prove she's captured the play.

The second offering of the bill, ARIA DE CAPO by Edna St. Vincent Millay, is meant to be a profound statement on life, death, and the parts we all play. Surrealistic writings of this kind are difficult to stage, an all too eager effort for an infant theatre company. Yet a great deal of energy is well spent, for the sincerity of the production emerges in a truisim, "It's only a game. But you can't be sure. Soneone has got to take the risk."

Back Alley Theatre is taking that chance. Suburbanites the playthefarcetheaudiencewillforget people will have to weather the small inconvenience of poor seating before they run off to Trader Vics for their aprés-theatre drink. But if they can, they will experience acting--Gantt and Henderson supported by fine lighting and sound technicians. If Back Alley Theatre can maintain its directness, unadulterated frankness and energy, we may have honest theatre providing--"topical, innovative and new works."

BIRTH, continued from page 16

continue before another camera angle is shown? It seems to me that the time is between 5 seconds (much shorter in some experimental films or recent feature films) and 20 seconds (much longer in some experimental films or recent feature films.) Next of all, how is the shot put into a scene, or storytelling unit? My memory tells me taht in the very conventional films I've seen, there is often a set-up shot, which shows the arena of action and also the players; a medium shot which includes all the people but eliminates extraneous setting; and finally the close-up, which so magnifies the subject that his body is only partially shown. Sometimes, set-up shots show the arena for forthcoming actions without the persons yet in the arena.

These conventions were used by D. W. Griffith to great success. If you will analyze films for yourself, you will probably be able to derive still other basic conventions of film story-telling. They are not the only possible ways of making film-stories, to be sure; but they are the ways which have dominated film since 1914, when D. W. Griffith first put them together in Birth of a Nation.

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MILKY WAY, continued from page 17

Of Bunuel's later films, Viridiana and Simon of the Desert are particularly attentive to religious topics and questions. El is not basically about religion, but it casts a few incidental jabs at the Church. The Exterminating Angel is basically about a non-religious agnostic or atheist, or merely a relatively unconcerned person who can enjoy a thoroughly good film on Bunuel's favorite subject, you will like this film if you like irony, strange disorientations, subtle points, and a totally singular vision.

The acting is very fine, as are the costumes. The most impressive thing about the film for me was my sense that, as the two pilgrims wandered about among scenes and persons from many different centuries, I was watching a film about the "mind" of the Roman Catholic Church---with its attention focused on various points in time.

The stylistic similarities between the various scenes, the many technical and dramatic devices for tying this sprawling film together---all made it into an enjoyable and provocative film.

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Listen to her sing "The Assignment Sequence" (she has a single out on this, too).
Nina Simone sings, and the audience reacts to another song, "To Be Young, Gifted and Black."
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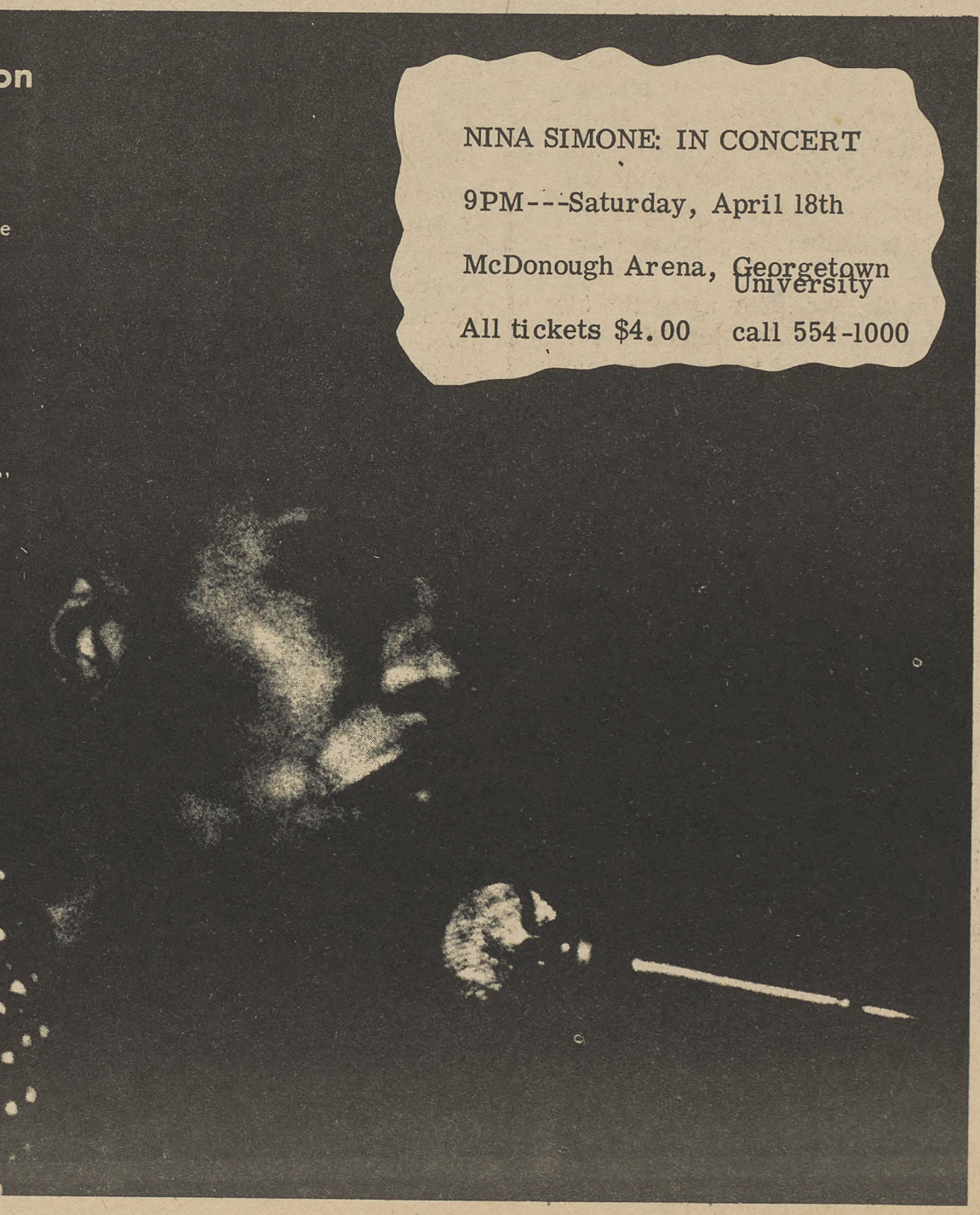

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